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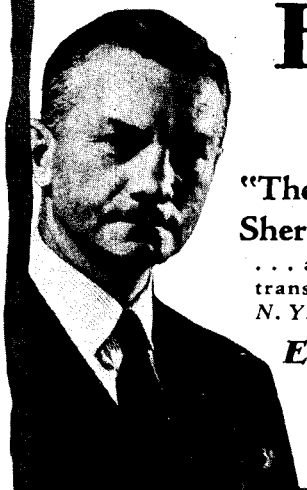

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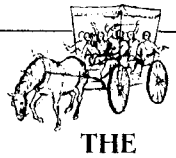

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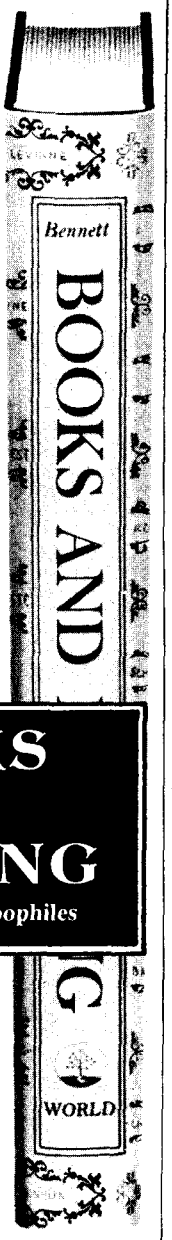

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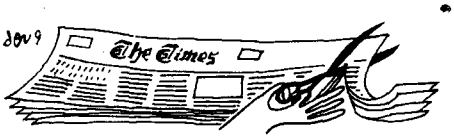
TRADE Winds

THE LITERARY SCENE

● ● In Cleveland, writes John S. Flannigan, a gentleman named Frederick E. Gymer has assembled a unique collection of business mottoes. Tiring of old cliches like "Do It Now," "Think!," "This Is My Busy Day," and "Keep Smiling," Gymer went searching for rarer game, and came up with a bag that at least has a fresher tang. Samples: "Whoever Finds Work a Pleasure Can Certainly Have a Whale of a Time in This Organization," "Somebody Said It Couldn't Be Done—So the Hell with It," "A Halo Has Only to Fall Eleven Inches to Become a Noose," and "Feeling Important? Take a Walk Through the Cemetery. Those Guys Were Big Shots, Too." Gymer began his collection as a pastime, but received so many requests for copies he's formed a "Let's Have Better Mottoes" association.

● ● In Dallas, already blessed with some of the nation's most beautiful bookstores—and booksellers—the new Presbyterian book center, erected at a cost of $240,000, made an auspicious addition to the list. O. G. Henry is the manager.

● ● In Manhattan, *The New York Times* initiated an important format change on the first day of its second century, but few, even on the staff, were aware of it. By reducing the



over-all width of the paper one-eighth of an inch, the thrifty *Times* can now turn out 3 per cent more newspapers without tonnage increase. With newsprint now quoted at $116 a ton (it was $40 a ton as late as 1934) the saving in cash should bring a smile even to the stern visage of *Times*'s Pooh-Bah Markel.

● ● In Hollywood, notes Mike Connolly, an author clipped his name out of a telephone directory and pasted it in his scrapbook. And Viola Swisher visited a producer who had a sign behind his desk that read, "Do unto others before they do unto you."

● ● In Salt Lake City, the Day family paused on the way to the Mormon Cathedral to tell friends about the book their Laraine was working on for Doubleday. "Ladies Day" will be its name, and it will tell about her movie career and marriage to a gent named Leo Durocher. Brooklyn papers please copy.

● ● In New York, publicist Edward Bernays indignantly removed from his special shelf of cookbooks a copy of Sherwood Anderson's "The Triumph of the Egg."

● ● In Martha's Vineyard, Whitney Griswold, forty-four-year-old President of Yale University, and one of the featured speakers scheduled for the Third National Book Award in January, fell into conversation with a farmer at the far end of the island. Dr. Griswold allowed as how the world situation was in a precarious state. "I guess you're right," said the farmer. "In fact, I hear things is gettin' so bad that Tom Parton is thinkin' of goin' into Vineyard Haven next Tuesday to find out about it for hisself."

● ● In Vicksburg, Miss., Harnett T. Kane received a new honor. He was named honorary colonel in the Confederate Air Force!

● ● In Westwood, California, bookseller Bob Campbell reminisced about the days in 1938 and 1939 when Jackie Robinson, then a student at UCLA, worked in Campbell's stock room. Another one-time Campbell employee was Ralph Bunche. And Bob personally took care of a customer who loved to read adventure stories. A few years later she gained a kind of fame as Tokyo Rose.

● ● In Huntington, Long Island, Walt Whitman's birthplace has been saved for posterity by the pennies, nickels, dimes, and dollars of schoolchildren who contributed to a fund sponsored by *Newsday*, Alicia Patterson's up-and-coming suburban newspaper. It was the biggest such journalistic campaign for a cultural purpose since Joseph Pulitzer's *New York World* in 1885 collected $100,000 to complete the pedestal for the Statue of Liberty in New York Harbor.

● ● At the *New York Herald Tribune*, Carolyn Coggins retired after seventeen years of administration of

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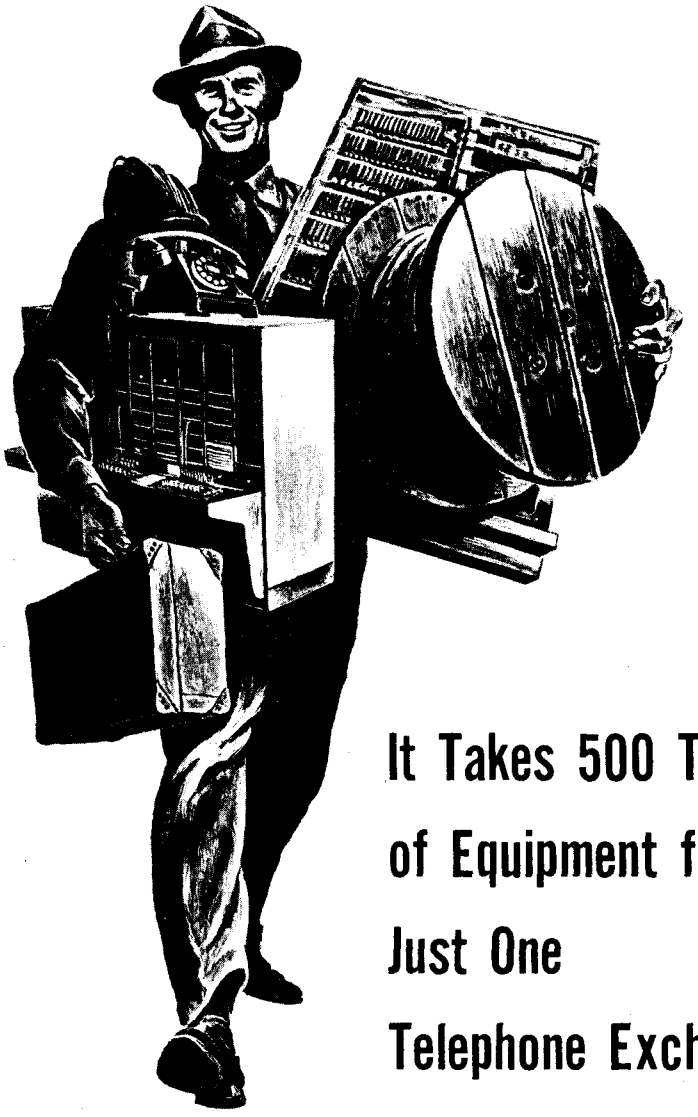

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● ● In Wall Street, John Straley knows a snazzy damsel who was presented with a copy of "What Every Young Girl Should Know," and sent it back to the author with three chapters added.

● ● In Williamstown, Ray Washburne instructed Professor Irwin Edman on the shortest route to the North Adams railroad station. "Only person who ever got lost and missed her train was my dear mother-in-law," Washburne assured him. The next morning Edman wired him, "You can add a dear philosopher to your roll."

● ● On an Aegean island where her husband had gone to hunt specimens of prehistoric antelope, Lillian Brown discovered she was bivouacked on the very spot where Cleopatra and Anthony made beautiful music together, named the story of her trip "Cleopatra Slept Here" (Dodd, Mead).

● ● In *Harper's Magazine,* Gilbert Highet, professor of Latin and Literature at Columbia, and husband of novelist Helen MacInness, will assume the job of chief book critic in September 1952. The present incumbent, Charlie Poore, will take on added duties at *The New York Times.*

● ● In London, Blanche Knopf acquired American publication rights to the "Bernard Shaw-Mrs. Pat Campbell Letters," running in time from 1899 to 1939, and revealing the details of one of the most publicized "all smoke and no fire" romances in literary history.

● ● In Pittsburgh, Editor Raymond D. Smith, of *Cats Magazine,* has been devoting so much space to critical comments on all the new cat books of the season that a member of the staff suggested renaming the periodical "The Cattery Remiew of Kiterature."

● ● In "Murder by the Book," Rex Stout tells about a manuscript that causes at least three deaths—more lethal even than some of the stuff that's been published this fall. Nero Wolfe straightens everything out in

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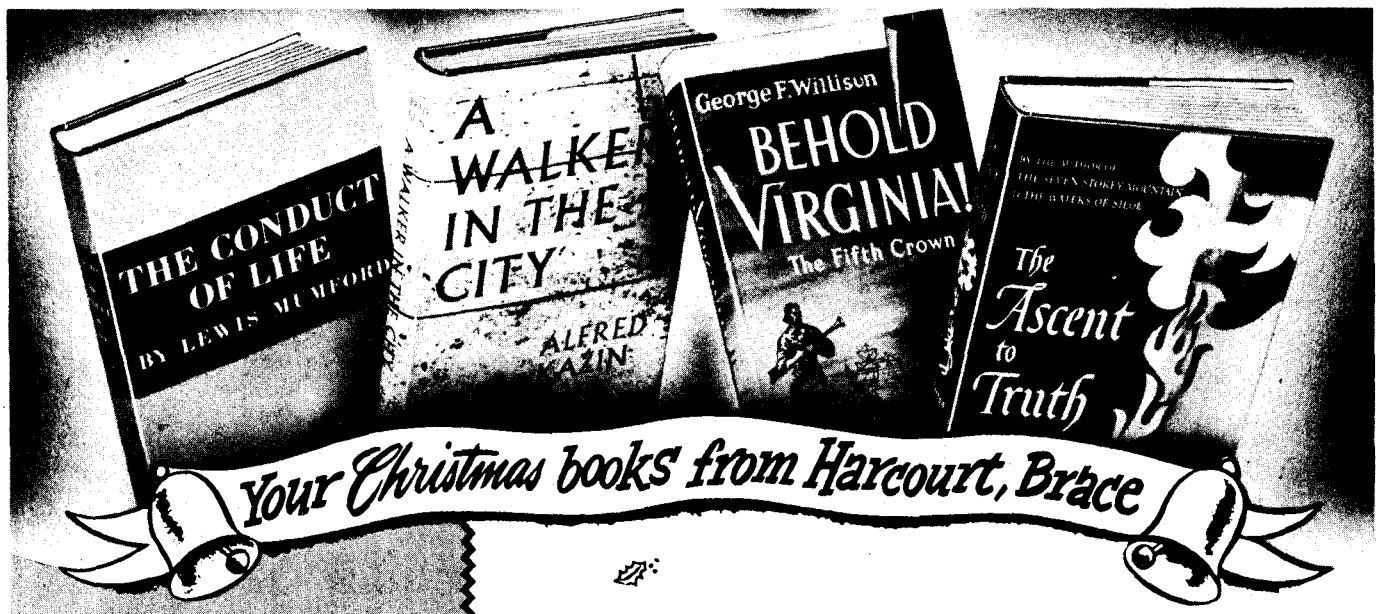

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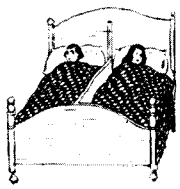

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The Religion of Art

VAN WYCK BROOKS

—*Spotpix.*

Van Wyck Brooks

AMERICAN literature thrived during the years that followed the First World War as it had never thrived since the flowering of New England and as if the force that had vanished in Europe had covertly crossed the Atlantic. Within two decades American writers were to influence European minds as Cooper and Poe had influenced them a century before, or Longfellow, famous from St. Petersburg to Rome, whose "Golden Legend" Liszt set to music and from whom Baudelaire borrowed in "Les Fleurs du Mal." They were to be discussed by students as Cooper and Emerson had been discussed by the young intelligentsia in Turgenev's "Fathers and Sons," and Hemingway, Dos Passos, and Faulkner especially affected the minds of novelists abroad as Emerson had worked once upon the mind of Nietzsche. Their inventiveness, their aggressive vitality roused flagging spirits in a war-shocked and exhausted England and France.

Meanwhile in America the "Prairie Renascence" followed the "Poetry Renascence" that faded out as the Provincetown Players passed. Greenwich Village lost its symbolic meaning. The vital social vision of the old circle of Randolph Bourne all but vanished from the literary mind. Those who continued to cherish the hopes of the Jeffersonian revolution went underground, as it were, during the "Jazz Age," no doubt to await a more congenial season.

Longing for a fuller and richer existence, all the young were in revolt against an esthetically joyless American scene, against their humdrum small-town world and the colorless "genteel tradition" on which Santayana bestowed a reverberant name. The general note of this revolt was fatalistic or nihilistic, a note that was well summed up in "The Modern Temper," in which Joseph Wood Krutch affirmed that tragedy was out of date because men thought too meanly of themselves to produce a hero. Most of the stories of the time were tales of disaster, futility, despair, in which every one "sold out" or fell defeated —in which man was the man that "things are done to," not the man who does, as Wyndham Lewis said of the Hemingway hero. Man was never the victor, he was always the victim in Hemingway, Dos Passos, and "The Enormous Room," as he usually was in Eugene O'Neill and Dreiser, and the stories of Scott Fitzgerald were all of "diamond mountains" that blew up and the "beautiful" that was always also "damned."

Thus it appeared that following the war the state of mind that prevailed in New York was much like the state of mind that prevailed in Paris, where literary exiles from all the world gathered about the goddess of art in disgust with the homelands that symbolized humanity for them. Thither James Joyce had fled in "silence" and with "cunning," turning his back on the land of the "cultic twalette," as D. H. Lawrence, invoking for England a "fearful chaos of smashing up," left "this sick Europe" altogether. In Paris, too, Marcel Proust had exiled himself in another way, sealing himself up from the world in a cork-lined bedroom to express his hatred of action and his contempt for men, while Ezra Pound, escaping there from a "moldy" England, "as dead as mutton," escaped still further from his own "half savage country." There, long since, Gertrude Stein had withdrawn within the magic circle that excluded the "imbecilities of the multitude," as Ezra Pound called them, or the "rabblement," James Joyce's favorite word; while T. S. Eliot appeared in Paris, now and then, from London, where he cut the cord that bound him to his American past.

As literary artists, as creators of styles, the types with which the arts turn corners, these were to be the masters of a long generation—Joyce, Eliot, Proust, Lawrence, Pound, and Gertrude Stein—and they and their followers, in Paris or elsewhere, were drawn to French writers of the past who shared their feelings or contributed to the solution of their problems. They largely ignored the major tradition of Rabelais, Montaigne, and Molière, of Balzac, Victor Hugo, and Anatole France, who had spoken for

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Mr. Brooks's essay is drawn from "The Confident Years: 1885-1915," the concluding volume in the series "Makers and Finders: A History of the Writer in America: 1800-1915." SRL has had the pleasure of printing excerpts from the earlier volumes prior to their publication in book form. "The Confident Years" will be issued by E. P. Dutton & Co. on January 4 as the first publication of its centennial year.

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the joy of life and the humane tradition in its wealth, breadth, hardihood, robustness, toughness, and thickness, and they turned to writers who expressed their own disdain of humankind and what hurt and bewildered people were prepared to hear.

They turned to the ironist Stendhal and to Flaubert, who also scorned the mob, denouncing the hopes and desires of the French Revolution, while, devoting himself utterly and furiously to technical perfection, he also exemplified supremely the religion of art. They turned to the cynical Huysmans, who wrote for the "ten superior people . . . scattered through the universe," as he put it, and the Symbolists and the *poètes maudits* who refused, with Arthur Rimbaud, even to use the language of the "human pigs." They turned to Baudelaire, who preferred damnation to the trivial "bustle" of man's efforts to improve the world, and they turned to the correct Laforgue, the "great despiser," and Rémy de Gourmont, for whom poetry was a kind of amusement. They were drawn to those for whom life was "tiresome," scarcely worth its trouble, and who seldom condescended to write at all, since writing was a form of action and so all but low, unworthy of superior persons if too much indulged in.

Above all, perhaps, they were drawn to Mallarmé, who, as Paul Valéry said, "created in France the conception of the difficult author." For if everything except art was futile, then it was obvious that art must be made as far from futile as it could be. This was all the truer when art itself was threatened with extinction, as it seemed to writers who were predicting the death of the novel, the death of tragedy, the death of poetry and what not in a world in which the philistine and the bourgeois had conquered all; and many a younger writer felt that the only way to preserve oneself, where all things were evidently doomed, was to preserve one's art. So, in the ethics of esthetics, the only ethics they recognized now, difficulty itself became a primary virtue, and the more difficult a writer was the more he was a saint in minds for which art had become the only religion. Mallarmé was the first of saints and Flaubert was a martyr in this faith that ignored the religion of ordinary men, and for Americans there was Henry James, whose art redoubled in difficulty the more its vital content faded out. What added to the sanctity of Henry James was that the characters of whom he wrote were the artist-victims and hurt children of a philistine world. His master-theme might have been described as a Massacre of Innocents in which the war-lacerated young saw themselves mirrored.

THIS feeling of the hurt and bewildered child underlay in American minds the nihilism and the desperate frivolity that marked the Jazz Age, and it led numbers of Americans to Paris, where an art flourished that expressed their mood, while a dozen other motives also drew them.

Meanwhile the novelists preferred French to English models, for the only English novelists who appealed to them now were the free-spoken eighteenth-century writers. Stendhal especially attracted them because he seemed to agree with Freud and with Samuel Butler in "The Way of All Flesh" that a man's first enemies were his father and mother—a gospel for those who were "smothered" in family life; and, moreover, the Americans who went in for "debunking," like the English Lytton Strachey, found that the Dadaists had done this better in France. They had not merely made fun of philanthropy, public service, school, and church, or torn away masks, like Strachey and his American compeers—they abolished civilization, in image, altogether.

For the rest, the Americans were ready for Joyce, a provincial like most of themselves, who delighted in the decomposition of their own middle class, for they liked to feel that they belonged to Mencken's select minority or T. S. Eliot's élite. Were they not themselves those intelligent readers whom Pound described as "very rare birds," existing in some "minute ratio to the population," members of the "mere band of survivors" whom Henry Adams had proclaimed as the only possible audience of writers in the future?

Thus every corner of Europe swarmed with the fugitives and exiles who gathered—from America—especially in Paris, bidding goodbye to Wisconsin and Utah, and to Mississippi as well as New England, following Gertrude Stein, Eliot, and Pound. They roamed over Europe, to Samarcand, to Moscow, up the Nile—some of them seeking sensations like flesh-eating in Haiti—or looking for "Salvation from Limbo" in the glamorous new movements in Paris and the feuds, schools, and manifestoes that flourished there.

These were not the old Europe-mad Americans of Henry James's or Huneker's time who suggested, as they said themselves, the fanaticism of the Moslems hastening over the hot sands to Mecca. This "new lot," as Ezra Pound said, "came in disgust"—esthetic fugitives from the wastes of the West, with German, Italian, Rumanian-Americans, and Americans whose parents had come from Norway or Poland. Some had known nothing in America but abuse and slights, and these had less reason to love the country than Americans of the older stock who were bored with their Aunt Helen Slingsbys and their Cousin Nancys. Many of them came from vast ugly cities—a town of twenty thousand souls was a "little hick village" for more than a few—in a spirit of resentment against their own childhood in the land of the glove-fitting corset, "loose wiles," the Venus pencil, and the Cluett shirt.

When they tried to think of the

(*Continued on page* 48)

—Hotchner. —Acme. —Elliott & Fry.

F. Scott Fitzgerald, Ernest Hemingway, Gertrude Stein, Ezra Pound, T. S. Eliot—"came in a spirit of resentment."

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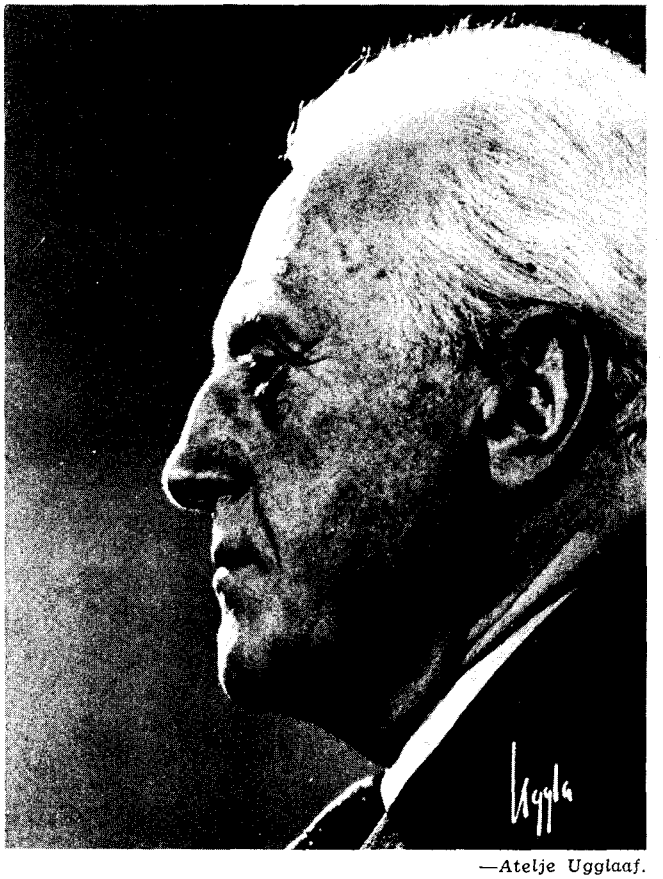
Pär Lagerkvist: Dramatist of the Soul

RICHARD B. VOWLES



—Atelje Ugglaaf.

Pär Lagerkvist—"a giant of modern classicism."

WHAT reputation Pär Lagerkvist, 1951 recipient of the Nobel Prize in literature, has in the United States—and it is slight—derives from two novels, two plays hidden away in collections, and a handful of poems printed in the quarterlies. But in Sweden he is the grand old man, if somewhat austere and remote. His position among Scandinavians is Olympian.

Lagerkvist's service to Swedish letters began before World War I. In 1914, three years before Eliot's "Tradition and the Individual Talent," and at roughly the same time Pound was arguing Yeats into a new kind of poetry, he stated his own program for a new poetic form. For the drama he provided a comparable rejuvenation of spirit. In both genres, as well as in the novel, he has demonstrated the kind of disciplined fecundity that seems more and more part of the past. Lagerkvist is neither the parsimonious poet nor the spinner of frail and occasional drama. Nor are his novels the fatty regurgitations of experience that we have accustomed ourselves to in the United States. Lagerkvist has moved facilely among forms, with some of the versatility of a Dryden, and made each work a stage in a career of high literary and moral purpose.

Pär Lagerkvist comes from a lower middle-class home in the province of Smaland, which has also given the world matches, glass of a wonderful purity, and Ingrid Bergman. It is a country well documented in Wilhelm Moberg's recently published "The Emigrants." So detached and publicly silent is Lagerkvist, now seventy and a near-recluse, that one can discover only the most meager information about his life. His works go to the opposite extreme of Strindberg's in revealing very little about the man. His early life was simple, severe, and tragic, if one can accept the evidence of the semi-fictional "Guest of Reality." After a year at the University of Upsala he traveled to Paris for a visit which was, as it has not been for many young men, the making of him.

Once back in Sweden Lagerkvist wrote a review of Apollinaire's "Les peintres cubistes" and issued a pamphlet called "Word Art and Picture Art," which together set the stage for modern poetry in Sweden. He urged the application of cubistic principles of design to poetry, a reduction to the abstract which would result in a "taut, nicely calculated architectonic composition." One turns to Lagerkvist's poetry of the period to see just how these principles are executed, and is disappointed. The artist's design has not curbed the early, harsh Wertherism.

ALTHOUGH there appears to be more genuine form to the unabashed lyricism of some of his more traditional verses, Lagerkvist accepts the conventional stanzaic patterns, opening them sufficiently to impart something of what Eliot has called "the condition of speech"; there is a certain sustained harmony even as the shades of the prison house darken. Lagerkvist's is a dark, somber poetry of fine modulations, but it does not provide much excitement—none of the sweet surprises of Yeats nor the intellectual legerdemain of Eliot, and nothing that bears the sure, dynamic imprint of cubism. One cannot find Lagerkvist's claim to critical attention in his poetry.

Lagerkvist's three novels—"The Executioner," "The Dwarf," and "Barabbas"—are masterpieces of classical severity. Here the novel is not the successor of the epic, but a kind of monodrama, sculptural in its out-

(*Continued on page* 54)

Richard B. Vowles, who has lectured in Sweden and served in the United States Foreign Service there, is a professor of English at the University of Florida.

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W. R. BURNETT	Judgment on Deltchev (Eric Ambler)	The Heart of a Man (Georges Simenon)	Traveller's Samples (Frank O'Connor)	The End of The Affair (Graham Greene)	The Dead Sea Gull (George Barker)
ROBERT P. TRISTRAM COFFIN	Pursuit of the Horizon (Loyd Haberly)	The Aeneid of Virgil (Rolfe Humphries)	The Sea Around Us (Rachel L. Carson)	John C. Calhoun (Margaret L. Coit)	A King's Story (Duke of Windsor)
JOHN COURNOS	A Little Treasury of British Poets (Ed. by Oscar Williams)	The End of the Affair (Graham Greene)	The Sea Around Us (Rachel L. Carson)	The Conduct of Life (Lewis Mumford)	Piero Della Francesca (Kenneth Clark)
MILTON CRANE	Conclusive Evidence (Vladimir Nabokov)	The Catcher in the Rye (J. D. Salinger)	Lifemanship (Stephen Potter)	Samuel Butler's Notebooks (Geoffrey Keynes & Brian Hill)	Shaw's Plays in Review (Sir Desmond MacCarthy)
ANNE FREMANTLE	The End of the Affair (Graham Greene)	The Blessing (Nancy Mitford)	The Pavilion (Stark Young)	A History of the Crusades (Steven Runciman)	The Pillar of Fire (Karl Stern)
EDMUND FULLER	Moses (Sholem Asch)	A Walker in the City (Alfred Kazin)	The Utmost Island (Henry Myers)	The Fall of the Sparrow (Jay Williams)	In the Absence of Angels (Hortense Calisher)
MAXWELL GEISMAR	*Lie Down in* Darkness (William Styron)	*Scottsboro* Boy (Haywood Patterson & Earl Conrad)	*The American Mind* (Henry Steele Commager)	*Classics* and Commercials (Edmund Wilson)	A History of Myself (Theodore Dreiser)
LOUIS J. HALLE, JR.	American Diplomacy: 1900-1950 (George F. Kennan)	A History of Russia (Sir Bernard Pares)	A Natural History of Trees (Donald Culross Peattie)	John Burrough's America (Ed. by Farida A. Wiley)	Old Possum's Book of Practical Cats (T. S. Eliot)
ROBERT HALSBAND	A Walker in the City (Alfred Kazin)	Nones (W. H. Auden)	The Portable Henry James (Ed. by Morton Dauwen Zabel)	The Anatomy of Happiness (Martin Gumpert)	The Sea Around Us (Rachel L. Carson)
WALTER HAVIGHURST	Voyage to Windward (J. C. Furnas)	The Face of the Earth (H. M. Tomlinson)	The Man from the Tunnel (Theodora Benson)	The Old Northwest (R. C. Buley)	Powell of the Colorado (William Culp Darrah)
SARA HENDERSON HAY	Life in America (Marshall B. Davidson)	Collected Poems of W. B. Yeats	Renoir, Library of Great Paintings (Harry Abrams)	The Sea Around Us (Rachel L. Carson)	Dizzy (Hesketh Pearson)
BERNARD KALB	The Catcher in the Rye (J. D. Salinger)	A Walker in the City (*Alfred Kazin*)	The Wine of Genius (*Robert Coughlan*)	Two Cheers for Democracy (E. M. Forster)	The Only War We Seek (Arthur Goodfriend)
JAMES KELLY	The Story of the New York Times (Meyer Berger)	The Catcher in the Rye (J. D. Salinger)	Life in America (Marshall B. Davidson)	Many Are Called (Edward Newhouse)	The Caine Mutiny (Herman Wouk)
HENRY B. KRANZ	The Forrestal Diaries (Ed. by Walter Millis)	Closing the Ring (Winston Churchill)	Strange Lands and Friendly People (William O. Douglas)	Requiem for a Nun (William Faulkner)	The Holy Sinner (Thomas Mann)
JOSEPHINE LAWRENCE	Bleak House (Charles Dickens)	Lorna Doone (R. D. Blackmore)	Cranford (Elizabeth Gaskell)	John Halifax, Gentleman (Dinah Mulock)	Gulliver's Travels (Jonathan Swift)
CHARLES LEE	Moses (Sholem Asch)	A Breeze of Morning (Charles Morgan)	Life's Picture History of Western Man (Ed. by the Editors of Life)	Two Cheers for Democracy (E. M. Forster)	The Sea Around Us (Rachel L. Carson)
PETER R. LEVIN	The Caine Mutiny (Herman Wouk)	Life in America (Marshall B. Davidson)	The New Yorker 25th Anniversary Album (Ed. by the Editors of the New Yorker)	The Life of John Maynard Keynes (R. F. Harrod)	The General and the President (Richard Rovere and Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr.)

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DANIEL GREGORY MASON	The Conduct of Life (Lewis Mumford)	Voyage to Windward (J. C. Furnas)	The Duke's Daughter (Angela Thirkell)	Lise Lillywhite (Margery Sharp)	This American People (Gerald W. Johnson)
DAVID MCCORD	Of Societies and Men (Caryl P. Haskins)	The Oxford Dictionary of Nursery Rhymes (Ed. by Iona & Peter Opie)	Under Whatever Sky (Irwin Edman)	Once Around the Sun (Brooks Atkinson)	Clerihews Complete (E. Clerihew Bentley)
SIEGFRIED MANDEL	The Holy Sinner (Thomas Mann)	His Eye Is on the Sparrow (Ethel Waters)	The Catcher in the Rye (J. D. Salinger)	The T. S. Eliot Myth (Russell H. Robbins)	Exile's Return (Malcolm Cowley)
GERARD PREVIN MEYER	Age of Surrealism (Wallace Fowlie)	Exile's Return (Malcolm Cowley)	The Autobiography of William Carlos Williams	The Journals of André Gide	Collected Poems of W. B. Yeats
RICHARD B. MORRIS	The Story of the New York Times (Meyer Berger)	Jefferson and the Rights of Man (Dumas Malone)	Defenders Triumph (Edgar Lustgarten)	Road to Reaction (C. Vann Woodward)	Better Homes and Gardens Garden Book
WALTER PACH	Paul Cezanne Sketch Book (Intro. by Carl O. Schniewind)	Ingres (by Alain)	Cry, the Beloved Country (Alan Paton)	Cock-a-Doodle Dandy (Sean O'Casey)	The Times of Melville and Whitman (Van Wyck Brooks)
ROBERT PAYNE	The Betrothed (Alessandro Manzoni)	Collected Short Stories of William Faulkner	The Weight of the Cross (Robert Bowen)	Art Treasures of the Louvre (Rene Huyghe)	Triptych for the Living (William Everson)
DONALD CULROSS PEATTIE	Strange Lands and Friendly People (William O. Douglas)	North with the Spring (Edwin Way Teale)	Audubon's Animals (Ed. by Alice Ford)	Carl Linnaeus (Knut Hagberg)	A Subscription to The Pacific Spectator
WILLIAM PEDEN	The Watch (Carlo Levi)	Best Stories from 'New Writing' (Ed. by John Lehmann)	Jefferson and the Rights of Man (Dumas Malone)	The Man Who Was Loved (James Stern)	Lie Down in Darkness (William Styron)
ROBERT PICK	The Face of Innocence (William Sansom)	A Walker in the City (Alfred Kazin)	Weekend at Dunkirk (Robert Merle)	The Holy Sinner (Thomas Mann)	Forests of the Night (Jean-Louis Curtis)
BEN RAY REDMAN	Greek Poetry for Everyman (F. L. Lucas)	The Golden Bough (1 vol.) (Sir James Frazer)	Man and God (Victor Gollancz)	Under Western Eyes (Joseph Conrad)	Some People (Harold Nicolson)
RUSSELL RHODES	A King's Story (Duke of Windsor)	The Magic Curtain (Lawrence Langner)	Schnozzola (Gene Fowler)	Love and Dishes (Niccolo de Quattrociocchi)	We Barrymores (Lionel Barrymore)
NATHAN L. ROTHMAN	The Conduct of Life (Lewis Mumford)	The New Yorker 25th Anniversary Album (Ed. by the Editors of the New Yorker)	The Ballad of the Sad Café (Carson McCullers)	The Troubled Air (Irwin Shaw)	Samuel Butler's Notebooks (Ed. by Geoffrey Keynes and Brian Hill
HARRISON SMITH	The Sea Around Us (Rachel L. Carson)	George Washington (Douglas S. Freeman)	Strange Lands and Friendly People (William O. Douglas)	Melville Goodwin, U.S.A. (John Marquand)	Requiem for a Nun (William Faulkner)
ROBERT SPILLER	The Sea Around Us (Rachel L. Carson)	Ballad of the Sad Café (Carson McCullers)	The Autobiography of William Carlos Williams	Life in America (Marshall B. Davidson)	Civil Liberties Under Attack (Ed. by Clair Wilcox)
THOMAS SUGRUE	The Catcher in the Rye (J. D. Salinger)	I Was a Monk (John Tettemer)	Cairo to Damascus (John Roy Carlson)	The End of the Affair (Graham Greene)	The Home Bible (Arranged by Ruth Hornblower Greenough)
A. M. SULLIVAN	The Caine Mutiny (Herman Wouk)	The Sea Around Us (Rachel L. Carson)	Rain in the Wind (Walter Machen)	Truth in the Night (Michael McLaverty)	The Forrestal Diaries (Ed. by Walter Millis)
PAMELA TAYLOR	The Limit (Ada Leverson)	No Idle Words and Having the Last Word (Ivor Brown)	Two Cheers for Democracy (E. M. Forster)	North with the Spring (Edwin Way Teale)	The Ascent to Truth (Thomas Merton)
DOROTHY VAN DOREN	The Sea Around Us (Rachel L. Carson)	Voyage to Windward (J. C. Furnas)	Many Are Called (Edward Newhouse)	White Man Returns (Agnes Newton Keith)	The Selected Letters of William Cowper (Ed. by Mark Van Doren)
MYRON WEISS	The Sea Around Us (Rachel L. Carson)	The Magic Curtain (Lawrence Langner)	Sex and the Law (Morris Ploscowe)	Letters of Benjamin Rush (Ed. by L. H. Butterfield)	The Heavens Above (J. B. Sidgwick)
JOHN T. WINTERICH	Franklin D. Roosevelt's Own Story (Donald Day)	The Story of the New York Times (Meyer Berger)	The Sea Around Us (Rachel L. Carson)	North with the Spring (Edwin Way Teale)	Many Are Called (Edward Newhouse)
ANN F. WOLFE	The Complete Novels of Jane Austen (Random House)	Raymond of the Times (Francis Brown)	The Riddle of Emily Dickinson (Rebecca Patterson)	The Collected Poems of W. B. Yeats	The Autobiography of William Carlos Williams
HENRY C. WOLFE	The Letters of Theodore Roosevelt (Vols. III & IV) (Ed. by Elting E. Morison)	Jefferson and the Rights of Man (Dumas Malone)	The Sea Around Us (Rachel L. Carson)	Mr. Smith (Louis Bromfield)	Guests: or How to Survive Hospitality (Russell Lynes)

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THE LITERARY SAMPLER

EXCERPTS AND JOTTINGS FROM NEW AND FORTHCOMING BOOKS

Not the Way I Remember It

IF THERE HAD BEEN survivors of the Flood beyond Noah's family, they would have been tempted in their later years to correct narratives of that inundating event as reconstructed by their juniors. "That," some graybeard must have remarked, "was not the way it happened; as far as I remember it, Noah was *not* drunk. It's curious the way these legends get started." Those of us whom *Time Magazine* would call "oldsters" or, perhaps, "middle-oldsters," who were young in the 'twenties, are beginning to read books written by young men who were tots in the 'twenties, and who now with industry and imagination "get up" the 'twenties and make that decade the theme of historical fiction or, perhaps, of semi-fictional history.

One tries to remember back to the days of the speakeasy, of the Charleston, of the Lindbergh flight, of the early Hemingway, of the American (peacetime) invasion of the Riviera, to the days of speculative fever when every elevator boy was buying stock on margin in a bullish economy that could never reach a final top. One tries to recall the jazz age and flaming youth; one remembers George Gershwin and Edna St. Vincent Millay.

Well, all of us who were young then remember even at that time *reading* about all these things. But, perversely, one seems to recall that a great deal of all this was very remote, at the time, to precisely the kind of young people who are reading about it now and believing that the more spectacular elements of the era completely characterized their predecessors. The mad 'twenties? How many of one's friends lived colorlessly sane lives! How few people some of us seem to have known who were speculating on the stock market; how relatively rare was a visit to a speakeasy! I once saw Texas Guinan plain, but that was because a visiting Frenchman insisted on going to a night club where he could see this American phenomenon. Texas Guinan gave me a rose; I wish I could regard it as the tenderest of my memories.

The life reported in "This Side of Paradise" was as frivolous and special to most young men and women of that period as it is today. A great many of us used to read with envy about flaming youth; it never occurred to us in dormitory rooms or library cubicles that *we* were *it*. How grand it is to discover now, belatedly, that the whole generation of young people in the 'twenties was glamorously unshackled, expensively sinful, spiritually lost in far and exotic places. Most of us, even when we went to Europe, were not part of any grand and tragic international set. We lived in *pensions* where we met elderly English spinsters, and some of the worst sins we committed were on French irregular verbs. Often we had breakfast, even lunch, in dairies, not even in cafes, and for some of us, at least, spiritual enrichment came from the works of Poincare and Bergson, rather than Joyce and Lawrence.

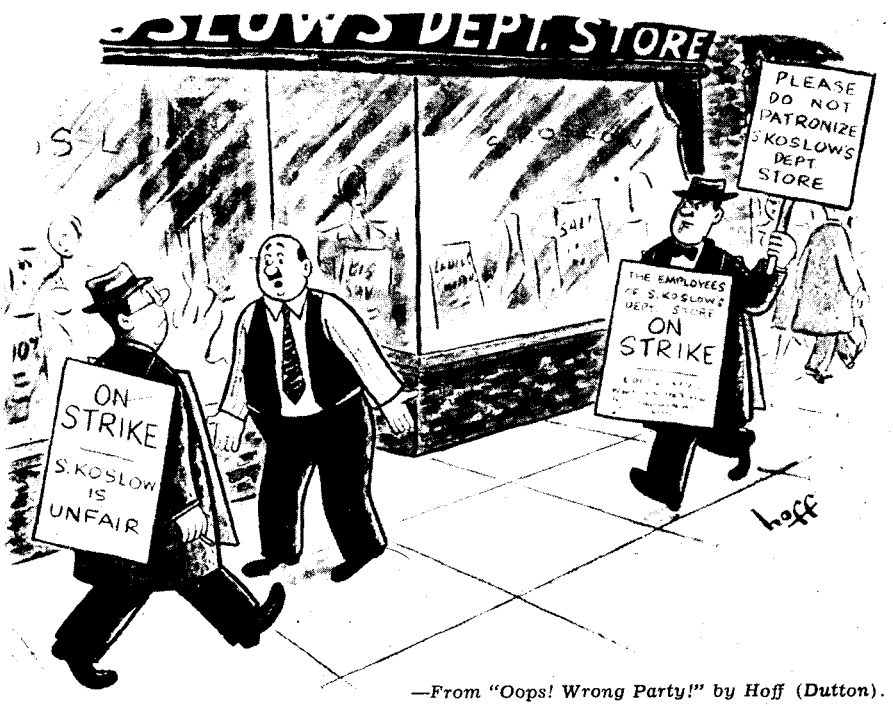
What a pity we let the mad, bad, glad, sad, glamorous 'twenties slip through our fingers. How lucky for us that we have lived to read about them now.

—From "Under Whatever Sky," by Irwin Edman (Viking).

That Weekend in the Country

AGE MAKES less difference in guests than you would think; it is "habit patterns" (as the psychologists call the ruts of behavior) that are important to consider in dealing with guests. If, for example, you have invited what seemed to you on urban acquaintance a lively, active couple, you may as well resign yourself to their spending most of the weekend asleep. Being lively in the city is an extremely enervating business, and your couple will make up for it over the weekend. There is no use leaving the lawnmower conspicuously displayed; these are not the kind of people who are going to volunteer to push it. The chances are that they will arrive late for dinner on Friday completely equipped for tennis, golf, and swimming, and it will take the whole family to stow them and their tack in the guest room. By nine o'clock one of them will say: "Oh, this country air. I can hardly keep my eyes open." And by nine-thirty they'll both be asleep, or something, upstairs.

On Saturday morning it becomes obvious that these active urban types are country sluggards. They emerge dressed like manikins from a resort shop—the man in slacks and loafers and plaid shirt and his wife in shorts and sandals and halter—in the clothes, in other words, that people who spend much time in the country haven't time for—and they wear dark glasses. If



—From "Oops! Wrong Party!" by Hoff (Dutton).

"Et tu, Morris?"

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—*George Platt Lynes.*

—*Vincent A. Finnigan.*

Russell Lynes and Robert Waithman—"which America were you to take . . . ?"

you are sensible, you have been up for a good while yourself and got the lawn mowed (your guests love to lie in bed and listen to the reassuring whir of a lawnmower) and had your breakfast. You have made a list of the things you want to do without regard to what your friends want to do. If they feel like it they'll patter along when you go to town to shop; if they don't, they are perfectly happy sitting in reclining chairs, their faces lifted like platters to the sun. You need not worry about all the sports equipment they brought with them. That was a gesture. They won't begin to bustle until late afternoon when it is cocktail time. Then they will replace their shorts with something longer, and emerge after they have used up all the hot water, ready to use up all the gin.

The chances of what may then happen are about equally divided; they may drink so fast and furiously (they feel so full of health from a day in the sun) that they will again be ready for bed by nine-thirty. If this happens, Sunday's performance will echo Saturday's. If, however, they decide to make an evening of it, they won't appear until just before lunch on Sunday, by which time you can have had at least a half a day to yourself. The rest of the day you may as well throw away.

—*From "Guests: or How to Survive Hospitality," by Russell Lynes (Harper).*

Land of Contradictions

THE AMERICANS were childish, adolescent—people said that. Was it true that grown men, men with white hair and responsible positions in banks, even doctors and lawyers, would call themselves members of the Mystic Order of the Veiled Prophets of the Enchanted Realm, and put on funny hats and parade with bands through the streets? Yes, it was true, and it was just as true that the same men or their neighbors had built the Oak Ridge Atomic Energy Plants and measured at one-trillionth of a second the time required for the radio-active decay of half the atoms in the neutral meson.

A European could read something or hear something which convinced him that the Americans were people who admired strength, simplicity, and sincerity, such as Lincoln evinced; and then they would be presented with the turgid cliches of a Congressman's patriotic address—hollow, pretentious, and empty of any honest feeling. They would come to the conclusion on the basis of a song called "Enjoy yourself, it's later than you think" that the Americans must be cynical hedonists; but the next American song the band would play and the vocalist would sing would be "Daddy's Little Girl."

The glory of America, they would be told, was its social democracy which enabled the charwoman's son to attend the same school and receive the same respect as the daughter of the cabinet minister. Then it would be casually mentioned to them that Jews were kept out of some of the best American suburbs and that in some states Negroes had to sit in a special compartment at the back of the buses. Or they would read and believe that the pride of America was its fearless Free Press and Radio, which sought out and published the truth wherever it lay. Then they would have to reconcile this conviction with the information that a commentator got into trouble when he used the word spinster, so that he had henceforth to call a spinster an Ungathered Rose.

Which America were you to take, if you were sitting in a cafe in Paris or a pub in London? The America of the wolf-whistle or the America of Mother's Day? The America that fought the Battle of the Bulge or the America that rushed from its houses in panic when Orson Welles did a radio play about an invasion from Mars?

There had never before been such resources of communication to the masses: there had never been so much information about America. But for millions of the people on the far side of an ocean it was hard to decide: it was genuinely hard.

They were not fools, the people in the free countries of Europe, and they were not for the most part envious or vicious or sly. Sometimes an American came home and said that there was anti-American feeling in this or that European country, and though he often reported it without rancor, in a scientific spirit, he was usually hurt by it.

The anti-American talk of a European could usually be traced not to a lack of facts about America but to an untidy abundance of facts. Facts were exported from America on an unprecedented scale; but they were still only some of the facts. One, or two, or four would stick in the mind of a man and he would give them weight and perhaps he would say: "Ah, the Americans—they are rich, spoiled, hard, godless people!" And he would quote his four facts to prove it. And sometimes if you told him a story that cast doubt on the validity of his four facts he would be troubled, or maybe even angry.

—*From "The Day Before Tomorrow," by Robert Waithman (Scribner's).*

Prohibition New York

IF YOU WERE a stranger in town, any policeman was usually willing to direct you to the nearest speak; if he liked your looks, he might even give you its password. You descended the basement steps of a decaying residence and rang the doorbell. You waited patiently until a light came on above the metal-reinforced door. Then a grille snapped open, and the hard eye of the lookout appraised you. If he recognized you from previous visits you were admitted without further ado. If he was a new man, and you seemed "in the know," he sent for the proprietor to pass on you. Once admitted, you might walk through a series of interlocking doors. Eventually you arrived at a bar. The Scotch was poured from bottles seemingly authentic, on which the historic labels had been artfully reproduced. So was the gin. A polite fiction had it that both were imported. In the more expensive

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"The Toilet," by O. G. Rejlander [1866].

"Setting the Bow-Net," by T. F. Goodall [1885].

—*From "Masterpieces of Victorian Photography" (Phaidon Press).*

speaks, this fiction had some basis in fact. The liquors sold had originally been "imported," but their quantity was tripled by the process known as "cutting"—the addition of alcohol, water, and coloring. Beyond the bar, there was a restaurant. The fare, Italian or allegedly French, was likely to be palatable and almost certain to be costly.

It amused many New Yorkers that the city s most notable concentration of speakeasies was not far from the ugly brownstone palace occupied by Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt III. West Fifty-second Street, between Fifth and Sixth Avenues, was notorious throughout the country. Almost without exception, every house, on both sides of the street, was a speak, and the after-dark traffic on this single block was always more congested than that on any so-called "residential" cross street in Manhattan. One of its establishments, the Twenty-one Club, known to habitués as Jack and Charlie's, was internationally famous. It represented the ultimate perfection of such institutions, the most luxurious, costly, exclusive, and fashionable of all speaks. There you saw, at dinner, stars of the stage and screen, the cream of New York's smart society, all visiting celebrities. Cocktails were priced at one dollar; champagne brought twenty-five dollars a quart; the superlative food was equally expensive. Housed in an ornate mansion, the Twenty-one Club maintained, in addition to its two bars and restaurants, a dance floor with orchestra, lounges for conversation, rooms where you could play ping-pong, backgammon, or mah-jongg. The atmosphere was one of aristocratic elegance, and you would not have surmised that this dignified resort concealed defenses as elaborate as those of a fortress, or electrically controlled devices of such remarkable ingenuity that, in the event of a raid, strategic sections of wall could be made to turn and disappear.

—From "Incredible New York," by Lloyd Morris (Random House).

Tomes in the Woodshed

ONE DAY, in response to a note, I called at a broken-down Southern mansion near Charlottesville, Virginia. The lady of the house welcomed me at the door. "Before I come in," I said, "I want to tell you that I'm fed up with you Southern ladies."

"What's the matter with us, Mr. Everitt?"

"It doesn't matter what book I try to buy below the Mason and Dixon's line, it always belonged to Grandpappy and isn't for sale."

"You won't have that trouble here,"

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she said. "You can buy anything in the house."

I went into a large library, which was almost entirely filled with junk. The only exceptions were the lady's husband, who was sitting in the corner, and three volumes of Ben Franklin's newspapers, sitting on the floor. She said, "Mr. Everitt, what are you going to give me for those?"

"One hundred fifty for these," I said.

"Oh, is that all?"

I turned to her husband. "Listen to the woman," I said. "She knew I was going to offer her three dollars, so when I offer her a hundred and fifty, which is halfway honest, she says 'Is that all?' "

"Mr. Everitt," he said, "you could have bought those for two dollars."

"Now," I said, "I am going out in the woodshed."

"You can't do that," she told me. "It's getting dark."

I repeated that I was going into the woodshed to see what she had thrown away. After some argument she got me a lantern.

"Don't worry," I said. "I've been in a lot dirtier places than your woodshed looking for books."

In a wood-basket, ready to start the next morning's fire, was this file of *The Valley Tan* [a weekly newspaper], the only approximately complete one yet traced. I went back into the house. "Now," I told the lady, "I'm going to rob you. If these had been in the library, I'd have given you fifty dollars for them. Because you were going to burn them up in the morning, I'm going to give you ten."

"Don't you think you're being pretty cruel?"

"I think it serves you right," her husband put in.

—From "The Adventures of a Treasure Hunter," by Charles P. Everitt (Little, Brown).

Japanese Womanhood

TALKING to Professor Ottawba was a game of wits. His favorite trick was to lead you up the garden path with a mild half-sleepy question, then pounce on your answer with fiendish glee. I should have realized this was his intention when he remarked one day that he was confused, very confused. No matter how much Americans disliked Japanese men they always eulogized Japanese women. How so?

"They're gentle, sweet, feminine. They wait on us with loving smiles. They're decorative . . . A hundred reasons, Professor."

"Quite so," purred the professor, "but these admirable traits were acquired through centuries of what the West chooses to call 'slavery.' Is it not contradictory to change a system that produces such fine specimens of womanhood?"

His question was pure rhetoric.

"Besides, our women are not slaves. Look here in my own household. Are not my daughters useless as flowers; my own mother . . .?" He examined the inside of his tea cup glumly. "Only an idiot could call my mother a slave."

In the Ottawba household, the professor's mother was definitely the voice of authority. She never raised her low sweet voice. She didn't have to. She'd arrived. After years of kowtowing to the males in her family, she'd reached the goal of every Japanese woman. Old age. She was an Obasan (the Japanese equivalent of grandmother). She had a son to revere her, a daughter-in-law to wait on her hand and foot, and two granddaughters to spoil. True, she kept up the amenities of subservience, the deep floor bows, whenever her son appeared. But this was mere lip service. She was the most intelligent of despots. She ruled without a rod or a crown.

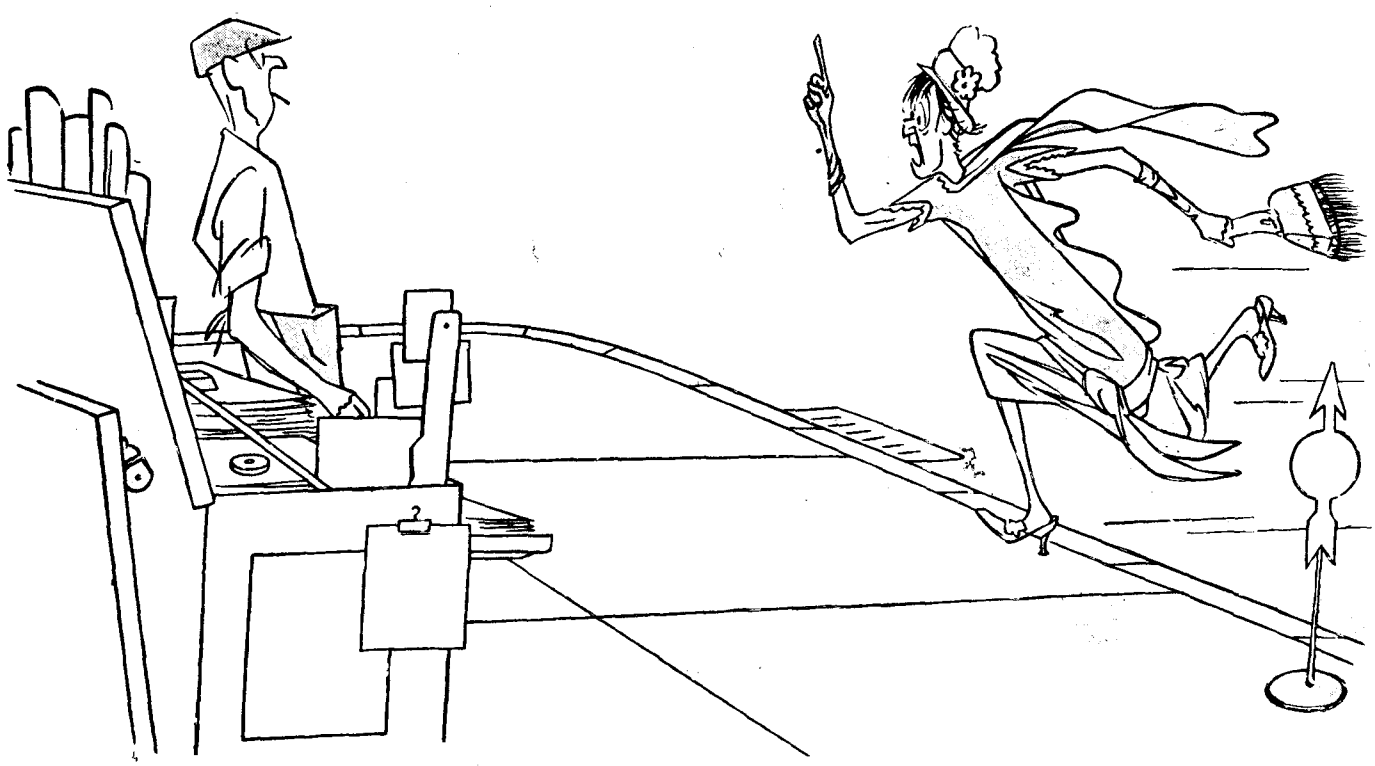
She sat in the sun now—a tiny walnut-faced old woman with cropped hair and shaved eyebrows—blinking her eyes sleepily as her son went from Japanese womanhood to the secret of Korean pottery.

"Isn't that so, Obasan?" he asked.

Obasan said how ignorant she was. This was one of the regular remarks she made at regular intervals. Then she opened her eyes as if suddenly recalled from a trance, and corrected her son on two fine points.

With her daughter-in-law, the professor's wife, she was less benevolent. The young Mrs. Ottawba, a woman of forty, was too well bred to show signs of the friction that went on between them. I do remember once she came to me, eyes red from weeping, and asked what Americans did about mothers-in-law. Then quickly she apologized for asking such a personal question.

—From "Over a Bamboo Fence," by Margery Finn Brown (Morrow).



"*Vogue!* And hurry!"

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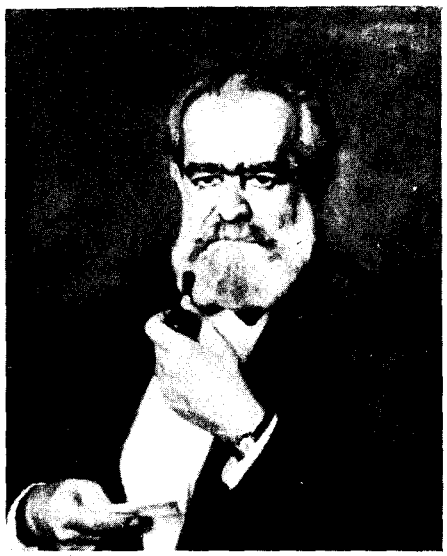
Personal History.

When in the future some intrepid fellow undertakes to write a definitive history of the American arts in mid-twentieth century he is certain to say a good deal about Jo Davidson, our foremost portrait sculptor, and Lawrence Langner, the patent attorney who is one of the chief directors of the Theatre Guild's destinies. To instruct the historian of the future, as well as to entertain and inform their contemporaries this Christmastide, both of these gentlemen have published fine autobiographies, which we review below. . . . Female spies are possibly as deadly and certainly more fascinating than the male. Absorbing life stories of two score and ten operators are reported by Kurt Singer in "The World's Thirty Greatest Women Spies" (page 24), while Elizabeth Bentley writes about the experiences she had when she spied for Stalin in "Out of Bondage" (page 58).



Jo Davidson—"lover of diversity."

Plastic Historian of an Age

BETWEEN SITTINGS: An Informal Autobiography of Jo Davidson. New York: Dial Press. 369 pp. $5.

By Van Wyck Brooks

IT IS recorded that Balzac, in conversation with a friend, after discussing a common acquaintance, said, "Let's get on to the real people. Let's talk about Eugénie Grandet." To Balzac this imaginary character possessed more actuality than any of the men and women he saw in the street, for that was the day when novelists like Anthony Trollope "cried at the grief" of their characters and "enjoyed their joy." That was also the day of the great portrait painters, when Ingres was still living and Lawrence was not long dead, when competent successors of Gilbert Stuart were affirming in this country that character was absorbingly interesting and wonderfully real. Besides, it was a time when writers and artists were generally characterized by traits that are regarded now with hostility and suspicion—exuberance, fertility, productivity, and the inborn vitality that many people today consider vulgar. For our comparatively dehumanized time is also a time of collectivism, in which the individual is no longer at ease, an age in which personality has ceased to flourish, and sentiment along with character has gone by the board. Above all, our time is a time of psychology, the psychology that, as E. M. Forster says, "has split and shattered the idea of a 'person.' " What one hears on every hand is that the integrity of the individual consciousness has been broken down and so the "old-fashioned human element," as D. H. Lawrence called it, has largely disappeared in all the arts.

Now, Jo Davidson's life and work, as "Between Sittings" reminds us, triumphantly affirm that character has not vanished from the world, suggesting how practice differs from theory, which may have abolished character while in fact we deal with character all day long. When psychology has taken its place in life and people synthesize again, instead of incessantly analyzing as they do at present, art will rediscover what life has always known, for Jo Davidson's work sufficiently proves that, whatever may be thought on the subject, the "old-fashioned human element" is here to stay. One can see in the persons he has recreated nothing "split" or "shattered," and, besides, how happy the future will be that Jo Davidson did not share another mental attitude of the age of "debunking." If he has spent so much of his life reading the riddles of character, listening to people, and watching the changes in their faces it is because of a human feeling, based on a loving respect for men, that is very unlike the feeling which predominates at present. He has a "special gift for loving people," like Willa Cather's old Nebraska farmer, and he could never understand the Machiavellian contempt for men that prevails in our day of terror and of sackcloth and ashes. A disbelief in character goes with a loss of interest in it, whereas, like Walt Whitman and Thomas Paine,, who longed to "raise men to their proper rank," Jo Davidson is interested in character because he reveres it. Born himself in those happier days before the modern mind was conditioned to see only the stupidities and the sins in people, he has seen the heroic both in low life and in high life and has found the "commons" as "kingly" as he finds the mighty. But he would not be a plastic historian if he had not been especially drawn to those who have made history in our time. Where men of genius are concerned he has shared Boswell's curiosity, the flair that prompted Boswell to seek out Rousseau, Voltaire, and Hume before he set his cap at Dr. Johnson. Everyone knows the result in Jo Davidson's case. Rebecca West expressed it, reviewing one of his shows in London: "I have never read a book of criticism that so subtly and completely inventoried the mind of the age."

This, of course, has been partly due to what Rebecca West called his "lively, sensitive, well-informed intelligence." But it was largely due as well to the kind of protean imagination that led him to become the person while he was doing the portrait. Whether it was a saint or an artist, a soldier or a statesman, he always approached his subject with the innocence of a child —the child that invariably exists in the genuine artist—unmindful and even unaware of the conventional overtones that names and reputations have for other people. He found the great "irresistible," as he also found doormen and garage mechanics; he yielded to their merits "heart and soul," helplessly charmed by the human nature in them, and so great was his own magnetism that he always knew, he says, "if I got one sitting I could get another." Fortunately, in the generation in which the "global" mind appeared, when people had begun to think in planetary terms, Jo Davidson supremely possessed the planetary vision, a gift of sharing imaginatively in all the great movements of his time,

Van Wyck Brooks is the author of "On Literature Today," "Opinions of Oliver Allston," "Sketches in Criticism," "Three Essays on America," and other volumes of literary history and criticism.

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a feeling like Whitman's for all races and the world as a whole. So his plastic record of the mind of the age embraces the great characters of India and China along with the Americas and Europe. No other record of the kind can ever duplicate the record of this lover of diversity in a pluralistic world.

Luckily, too, Jo Davidson is a natural story-teller who is able to recount the tale of his passage through the world, a world to which, with his high spirits and his joy of living, he took, as he took to London, "like a duck to water." It has been a perpetual World's Fair for him, like the old fair at St. Louis at which, as a boy, he drew portraits and did sculpture in sand,—or, as one might say, a Rabelaisian Abbey of Thelema whose motto has been for him "Do what you will." With no emotional inhibitions, with none of the prejudices, self-interest, or fear that govern the lives of most people he has passed through the world like a ship under full sail with the kind of lordly freedom, so rare in our neurotic time, that characterized so many artists in happier ages. "I like the Americans," Franz Kafka said, "because they are healthy and optimistic"; and Jo Davidson is there to remind us how true this used to be, if it is not so entirely true at present. The most buoyant of natural yea-sayers, with a spacious heart and outlook, he stands for the "life and world affirmation" that Albert Schweitzer also opposed to the "life and world negation" that is too general now; and few living artists have contributed more to the kind of "life-enhancement" that another thinker demands of the artist and of art.

On the Altar of Thespis

THE MAGIC CURTAIN. By Lawrence Langner. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 498 pp. $6.60.

By Russell Rhodes

GIVING George Bernard Shaw and Eugene O'Neill their most appreciative showcases in America is an accomplishment in which any astute patron of the arts might take justifiable pride. Lawrence Langner, founder and co-director of the Theatre Guild, author or collaborating writer of nearly thirty plays, has husbanded a lifelong, unquenchable flame on the altar of Thespis. He has likewise distinguished himself internationally as a stimulus to and protector of inventors, organizer and secretary of the National Inventors Council. The skill with which he balances a double life as a man of the theatre and as senior partner in the firm of Langner, Parry, Card, and Langner, patent attorneys of New York and London, apparently refutes the ancient logic that oil and water cannot mix.

Wit and sober reflection, sensitivity, honest confession and self-appraisal, judgments and confidences walk hand in hand through "The Magic Curtain" to make it not only one man's personal summing-up as he views the path behind him, but also a statement of faith in art, philosophy, and economics as unshakable as that of Shaw's Dubedat in "The Doctor's Dilemma." It is to the theatre's benefit that Langner is a businessman rather than, say, a frustrated actor or one of the common run of producers who pass their hats among "angels" but are as baffled by the crucible of theatre ingredients as if they were juggling a sputtering time bomb.

A childhood in Swansea, Wales, continued in London, a disrupted home, and a job at thirteen as reception clerk to a theatrical manager started young Langner in life. His mother having decided that theatrical atmosphere (especially during rehearsals of musical comedies) was no place for a thirteen-year-old, he was whisked into a chartered patent agency in Chancery Lane, meeting such of the firm's clients as Simon Lake, inventor of the submarine, Gillette, the safety-razor man, and Sir Hiram Maxim. He studied engineering at nights, passed the Chartered Institute examination, and at the age of twenty sailed for New York as technical assistant for his London firm. From then on Langner's professional double life began. He became an American citizen, traveled throughout the United States on patent work, and in the interim met numerous workers in the theatre and allied arts, most of whom have become celebrated.

World War I doomed the Washington Square Players, which he had spearheaded in a MacDougal Street cellar and for which he wrote plays;

Russell Rhodes, general entertainment editor of The New York Journal of Commerce, *was a member of the original New York Repertory Company under Lawrence Langner's direction at the Westport Country Playhouse and on Broadway.*

—*From "The Magic Curtain."*

Katharine Hepburn in "As You Like It" and the Lunts in "Amphitryon 38"—"perceptive presentation of quality plays."

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but the dream there begun led him to found the Theatre Guild in conversation with Helen Westley and Philip Moeller at the Hotel Brevoort, December 18, 1918. Now he writes an exciting history of three decades with the Guild, describes the beginning of his friendship with George Bernard Shaw and his personal representation of the Irish dramatist in this country from "Heartbreak House" in 1920, through such masterpieces as "Saint Joan" and "Caesar and Cleopatra," down to "The Simpleton of the Unexpected Isles" and "You Never Can Tell." Some of the most engaging chapters are those that tell of Langner's visits with GBS in England and Italy and their exchange of correspondence.

Similarly, he recounts the association with Eugene O'Neill from Langner's first meeting with him at Provincetown, a hardy swimmer in the surf, through the triumphs of "Strange Interlude," "Mourning Becomes Electra," and "Ah, Wilderness!" and the failures of "Dynamo" and "Days Without End" to "The Iceman Cometh" and "A Touch of the Poet."

The Westport Country Playhouse, incubator of acting and playwriting talent, another of Lawrence Langner's dreams come true, has celebrated its twentieth anniversary. Since the summer of 1931, when he engaged Cleon Throckmorton to convert an old red barn into a professional theatre and there rehearsed the New York Repertory Company in Boucicault's "The Streets of New York" while carpenters were still nailing the new construction together, Langner has had the satisfaction of establishing a genuinely experimental theatre that is unique in the United States.

Theatre, specifically the perceptive presentation of quality plays, is the author's lodestar in art. He has tested it in radio (The Theatre Guild of the Air), even in movies and television, and feels that, whereas these discoveries may have increased the spread of theatrical entertainment, "they have, up to now, taken far more from the theatre than they have returned to it." With Shakespeare still as close to him as it was in his boyhood memory of Ellen Terry, Lawrence Langner is about to "dream true" again with the American Shakespeare Festival Theatre (to be patterned in modern adaptation on the Old Globe of London) to produce the Bard's plays in superlative fashion. "The Magic Curtain" shares with the reader its author's enthusiasm and excitement. What a pity there aren't more Lawrence Langners to make "the fabulous invalid" a really healthy patient, permanently on the mend!

Tokyo Rose—"in the limelight."

Mata Hari—"a first-class thriller."

—From "The World's Thirty Greatest Women Spies."

Judith Coplon—"unrevealed facts."

Behind the Events

THE WORLD'S THIRTY GREATEST WOMEN SPIES. By Kurt Singer. New York: Wilfred Funk. 318 *pp.* $3.50.

By Leo Lania

AUSTRIAN-BORN Kurt Singer, an American citizen but a man of many countries, has become a leading expert in the field of international espionage. Neither his flair for the romantic nor an urge to atone for past errors—so common to many ex-Stalinists—prompted him to expose the workings and crimes of Communist conspirators. He has always been on the right side, a fighter for democracy. His excursions and raids into the jungle of the totalitarian underworld were undertaken only to defend and promote the cause and struggle of free men. This explains why his many articles and books on Communist and Nazi traitors are distinguished from similar exposes by their cool objectivity and factuality.

In his latest book the author again shows his special skill of combining diligence in unearthing hidden facts with the insight of a political journalist and the natural gift of an excellent storyteller. Each of the thirty case histories not only reads like a first-class thriller but gives the reader a clearer understanding of the forces behind the events that make headlines.

All of the women spies Singer portrays, with the exception of Mata Hari, have walked across the world stage during the last twenty years. Some of them like Judith Coplon, Ruth Greenglass, and Ethel Rosenberg only recently stood in the limelight and are familiar to the public. Yet even their stories as related by Kurt Singer seem new and fascinating because of the wealth of little-known or hitherto unrevealed facts the author presents. For instance, the chapter The Woman Behind Klaus Fuchs was used by the U.S. Atomic Energy Commission in their official report on atomic espionage, so new is Singer's material.

In this gallery we find the daughter of Mata Hari, who spied for the Allies and was caught and executed by the Communists; the "lady with the dolls," an American girl who was a Japanese spy; and Tokyo Rose. In the opposite camp are Odette Sansom, heroine of

(Continued on page 57)

Leo Lania, who has covered Europe for American newspapers and magazines, is the author of "Nine Lives of Europe" and other books.

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Belles-Lettres.

For the past two decades charters of literary trends have periodically announced the demise of the familiar essay. David McCord makes some cogent comments on ths foible of the fraternity in reviewing Irwin Edman's book "Under Whatever Sky" on page 27. Professor Edman is, as Mr. McCord points out, one of the valiant little band that keeps the form alive in America. In England the essay is lustier. One of the reasons for its health there is the devotion of such men as E. M. Forster, whose "Two Cheers for Democracy" is discussed below. . . Three of the finest American literary voices of the nineteenth century are the subject of two other books reviewed this week. SRL's *Henry Seidel Canby brings out the resemblances and the disparities of Mark Twain and Henry James in a Plutarch-style double-biography, "Turn West, Turn East." Rebecca Patterson offers a novel, if unconvincing, key to one of our great poets in "The Riddle of Emily Dickinson."*

—Howard Coster.

E. M. Forster—"unified personality."

In Defense of Values

TWO CHEERS FOR DEMOCRACY. By E. M. Forster. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 363 pp. $4.

By Joseph Wood Krutch

THE PUBLISHERS call this collection of essays Mr. Forster's "first full-length book in fifteen years." Such stretchings of a point are not always justified, but this one is. To be sure, the volume is a collection and a very miscellaneous one at that, for the subjects as well as the forms vary all the way from broadcast talks during the late war through personal essays to pure literary criticism. But it is unified more than such collections usually are by the fact that the author is possessed of a very unified personality and by the fact that this personality is very much present no matter what he happens to be talking about. Both his temperament and his opinions are, as he would be the first to admit, what are commonly called old-fashioned. He is a defender of values often overlooked and sometimes rejected by moderns; and though he by no means either washes his hands or surrenders to despair he certainly looks toward the future with a good deal of misgiving. Obviously he sometimes wonders if he is not what his opponents complacently call a characteristic phenomenon of a dying culture.

The book's title, which may at first sight seem trivial and which Mr. Forster says was first suggested as a joke, is actually extremely apt. One's attitude toward democracy is today a touchstone, and two, rather than three, cheers precisely defines what Mr. Forster's is. He is almost as far from Eliot as he is from Hitler or Stalin. Yet at his most unhappy he can say: "Democracy is not a Beloved Republic really, and never will be. But it is less hateful than other contemporary forms of government, and to that extent it deserves support." Or, two hundred pages further on, speaking of the shift from agriculture to industrialism: "It has meant the destruction of feudalism and relationship based on land, it has meant the transference of power from the aristocrat to the bureaucrat and the manager and the technician. Perhaps it will mean democracy but it has not meant it yet and personally I hate it."

The nearest Mr. Forster comes to any summings-up are in two essays, one called "The Last Parade," in which he gives an impressionistic account of the Paris Exposition of 1937, where for the last time the modern world demonstrated playfully the toys with which it was about to destroy itself; the other called more formally "What I Believe," dated two years later. But wherever one turns one finds some facet of the unified attitude, and one realizes that Mr. Forster has no all-sufficient faith in Democracy for the same general reason that he has none in any of the other magic formulae such as Economic Law, Proper Conditioning, Psychological Adjustment, or for that matter Christianity. He is not a Utopian; he does not believe that all our problems will ever be solved; and while he admits that tolerance, good temper, and sympathy—in which he does believe—probably require faith as a "stiffening" even if "the process coarsens them," nevertheless, "I dislike the stuff."

Inevitably Mr. Forster is concerned with the arts—with literature as a professional, with music and painting as an amateur. There are essays on Tolstoy and Proust, on Virginia Woolf, and, what is surprisingly enough the best of the lot, on John Skelton. But here again there is unity, not merely because he has definable and defensible literary tastes, but also because literature is one of the provinces in that realm of human activity where, far less dubiously than in politics or economics or even physical science, unmistakable and enduring achievements have been celebrated. Yet it is perversely just those achievements which democracy as well as every other form of organized power discounts, discourages, and destroys. Not too much has been gained if we escape from the condescension of the aristocratic patron only to fall into the hands of those who insist that art must be, even if not doctrinally correct and demonstrably useful, then at least "democratic," which is taken to mean "universally accessible." And though here again Mr. Forster's conclusions are scattered through half a dozen different essays—and the better for so being—it would not be too difficult to synthesize a body of doctrine.

In the next to the last paragraph of the very last essay occurs the sentence, "The sense of a world that asked to be noticed rather than explained was again upon me." Perhaps nothing else could sum up better his convictions concerning the point at which

Joseph Wood Krutch, Brander Matthews professor of dramatic literature at Columbia University, has written his share of familiar essays, which have been published in such volumes as "The Twelve Seasons."

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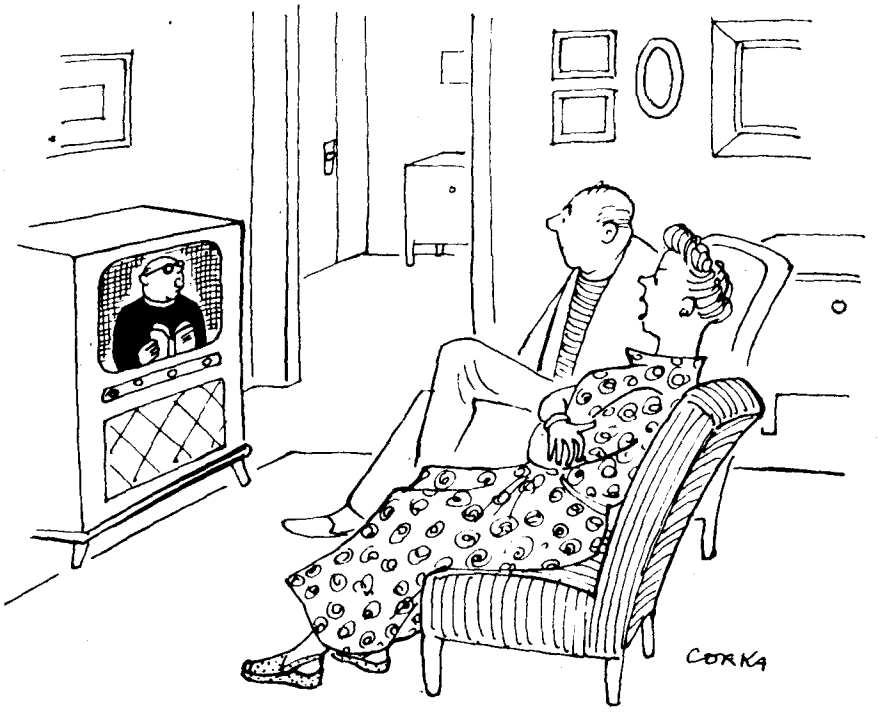
art begins, no matter how far on from there it may go and no matter to what extent all sorts of other things may become involved in it. There is nothing wrong, he says elsewhere, with "art for art's sake," though there is a great deal wrong with the assumption that nothing except art is important; and probably that little problem has never been more neatly disposed of. If the artist or even the mere lover of the arts is sometimes inclined to give up the whole matter of artistic education and to conclude that since most people care nothing about it there is no reason why he should attempt to make them, he cannot really follow that inclination because the higher pleasures are a kind of religion and the impulse to pass them on is irresistible. Yet, as Mr. Forster says elsewhere, "a writer's duty often exceeds any duty he owes to society" and if he finds "the ideals of his age" hateful "he often ought to lead a forlorn retreat." Still again: "Our chief duty is to enjoy ourselves and not to lose heart, and to spread culture not because we love our fellow men, but because certain things seem to us unique and priceless, and, as it were, push us out into the world on their service."

Not everyone, certainly not every "liberal," will find such ideas congenial. But at least even such should be willing to admit that Mr. Forster has a rare combination of virtues: detachment enough to see clearly; involvement enough to understand what the issue is. He may be the proprietor of an ivory tower, but he is not shut up in it. Towers can also be used to look out from.



"It's all right, but I miss seeing what people are wearing."

Seeking a Poet's Inspiration

THE RIDDLE OF EMILY DICKINSON. By Rebecca Patterson. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 434 pp. $4.50.

By Richard Chase

THIS is another one of those books about Emily Dickinson which assumes that she could have written her poems only as a response to a frustrated love affair, that most of the poems, even when they seem to be about nature or death, are really love poems, and that the language of the poems is a cryptic shorthand carefully calculated to conceal the identity of the beloved person they refer to. Since there is unfortunately no evidence sufficiently reliable either to prove the existence or establish the identity of the Great Lover, the only alternative, for those who insist on a Great Lover, is to choose one by intuition and then search about for corroboration.

Mrs. Patterson believes that the poet's lover was a woman. And this constitutes her uniqueness among such Dickinson biographers as Josephine Pollitt and Genevieve Taggard, who advanced male candidates. Also unparalleled is the sheer volume of perverse wilfulness with which Mrs. Patterson amasses her loosely circumstantial "evidence." And unlike Miss Taggard at least, she offers the reader very little by way of criticism, scholarship, or commentary which does not stand or fall with her interpretation.

In Mrs. Patterson's opinion the lover was Kate Scott (later Mrs. Turner and still later Mrs. Anthon), to whom Emily Dickinson wrote several letters which declare an ardent friendship, though hardly more ardent than that declared in other letters to other women. In the period of 1859-1861, the author has convinced herself, the two young women, both feeling "their painful difference from society," fell in love, allowed themselves a trembling encounter upon a "crucial night," and then parted in a manner which left Emily with the conviction that she had been deserted.

Mrs. Patterson accounts for the fact that some of the so-called love poems are addressed to a man by ingeniously supposing that the poet carefully substituted masculine pronouns for feminine. She believes that several poems addressed to women were not published until 1945, in " Bolts of Melody," because they were suppressed by the Dickinson family in order to avoid scandal, although a much more obvious reason is that they are nearly all very inferior poems. Nor does Mrs. Patterson prove that they were all addressed to one woman, nor that any of them was addressed to Kate Scott, nor that they are love poems. Her central piece of evidence is a poem beginning "I shall not murmur if at last," in which a person named Katie is addressed. Yet Mrs. Patterson herself admits that Emily Dickinson knew several Katies. And in any case the biographer has misread the poem, choosing to believe that Emily is accusing Katie of "treason," whereas an objective reading of the poem, taking every fact into consideration, indicates that the poet is speaking metaphorically of her secluded life as having been a kind of "treason" committed against "those I loved below"—that is, against her friends in general. And the book is a tissue of such misreadings, together with an imposing array of unrelatable facts and conjectures.

George F. Whicher's "This Was a Poet" remains the only reliable biography. As for the "lover," in so far as there was one, we shall evidently have to be content with the Reverend Charles Wadsworth. The sentiment he shared with Emily Dickinson was of a kind not unknown elsewhere in late nineteenth-century America, a love that gained all its intensity from its own renunciation.

Richard Chase, a member of the English department of Columbia University, is the author of "Herman Melville: A Critical Study."

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Interpreting Genius

TURN WEST, TURN EAST. By Henry Seidel Canby. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 318 pp. $3.50.

By James Gray

DR. CANBY'S study of Mark Twain and Henry James, done in Plutarch's way of offering parallel interpretations, is much the most illuminating of all his critical investigation. It should help to dispel the fog of misapprehension into which the perverse ingenuities of certain bright, tormented minds have tended to drag both reputations.

The point of similarity around which the literary careers of the two men made concentric circles (to modify Dr. Canby's figure) was to discover and to describe that essence of American individuality which each called "innocent." So far from being belittling, the adjective connoted for Mark Twain freshness of outlook, untainted, uncorrupted force and, for Henry James, "a great capacity for life," as he said of one of his characters, seeking "the precious experience somehow encompassed."

Neither man had the experience, the temperamental equipment, or the reckless wish to try to dramatize this force in terms of its broadest reference to the contemporary life of business, politics, or social conflict. But each had a glimpse of its significance. Mark Twain turned west to see it in action and, in his best work, presented it vividly against the background of a young world, a society in the making. Henry James turned east, to Europe, to watch this force as it was enriched by old world culture, shocked by old world compromise, yet brought to "finer vibration" by old world tension.

Each did what an artist must learn to do, which is to work within the limits of his talent to give expression to values that touch universal experience. In the course of a flurried self-discipline Mark Twain achieved certain full and happy revelations of his truth and of his talent. Later, he lost his way, lost his faith, and ended with a kind of calamitous success against which the neurotic in him protested bitterly. Henry James faltered, entered into unsuitable experiments, and only toward the end of his life fell perfectly into step with "the large and confident action" that made him able to rejoice in his gift. But all the while each was exploring the innocent civilization of America to discover something of its latent genius.

Now, as Dr. Canby does not fail to point out, we are "innocents abroad" once more in world drama, with responsibility added to curiosity, and we may well pause, even in this crowded hour, to listen to what Twain and James have to tell us of ourselves.

The device of tracing parallel lives gives Dr. Canby an opportunity to trace also the development of talents through contrast and comparison. All that he has to say is expressed strikingly. Though little of his criticism may be new to close students of Mark Twain and of Henry James, his attitudes are put forward with a witty authority that is needed, even in this moment of revival for both reputations, to clarify much-debated matters. Among the points Canby makes about James are these: he was no trivial snob who repudiated his American tradition for one that was considered to be more stately when he adopted English citizenship; he was a wit who dropped into the boiling rapids of his rhetoric brilliant jewels of phrase-making; he learned much from the theatre and so became the universal uncle (it would be inept to speak of so aloof a man as a father) of the dramatic method in the novel; his influence pervades the work of latter-day artists, even those who may never have read him at all.

Mark Twain, Dr. Canby suggests, was somehow all of a piece in his faults as in his virtues. His spirit was a boy's spirit; his tragedy was that of finding it impossible to encompass adult experience either on paper or in its bitter actuality.

It seems to me that Dr. Canby has never been in company more sympathetic to his own gifts as interpreter. On other occasions one has noted in him a kind of strained amiability as he has undertaken to cope with large, unruly talents. Here he has achieved that spontaneous identification with his material which, in criticism as in creative work, is the ally of moving and revealing analysis.

James Gray is professor of English at the University of Minnesota.

Questing Philosopher

UNDER WHATEVER SKY. By Irwin Edman. New York: Viking Press. 246 pp. $3.

By David McCord

THE DEATH of the familiar essay has been rumored if not announced. In America it has remained in a state of suspense for at least ten years, but any reader of the London *Times* or the *Manchester Guardian* has known right along that the form will survive in England. It was doing a brisk trade here at home as late as the Twenties and even into the early Thirties. But the age of the universal wisecrack has set new standards of brevity as well as cheapness, and the age of the intellectual Cassandra is not interested in the casual, suggestive, or fissionable idea. Furthermore, the familiar essay is too exhaustive for the tabloid mind and too trivial for the triple thinker. As to that, the very adjective "familiar" is a poor advertisement for the product. In a time when words as unfamiliar as supersonics and Geiger counters are much too familiar, what chance has the antimacassar essence in itself? But the point is that the essay is far from dead.

In the midst of decline it was E. B. White who really brought new life to the essay form. On a diet of sheep dip and silage he gave it health and strength and wit and brilliance for which the shoddy writing of our day was unprepared. Of all White Papers, his deserve the ruined adjective "inimitable," for they are inimitable. Beside Mr. White, only the more global Brooks Atkinson, using an entirely different style and approach, can bring Kieran's warbler into the city and dock the *Queen Mary* under a yellow birch. Mr. Atkinson, like J. B. Priestley in "Delight," has recently settled for the shorter form of the essay, and his "Once Around the Sun" ought to continue on its course for as long a time as the accepted classic, "An Almanack for Moderns."

A third essayist of special intelligence and individual charm is, of course, the gifted author of "Under Whatever Sky." Mr. Edman in several books of extended essay structure has established himself as the questing philosopher. Ahead of both Mr. Atkinson and Mr. Priestley, Mr. Edman for seven years has been writing the short

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David McCord, executive secretary of the Harvard Fund Council, is the author of several volumes of verse.

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The Incomplete Power

WHAT is America's most critical shortage in the present crisis? It is not uranium, nor thorium, magnesium, or petroleum. The shortage that hurts has nothing to do with our physical resources. It is a shortage of great ideas. Such bristling and bulging power as we are assembling is in danger of toppling of its own weight. What it needs is a firm foundation of clearly defined national purpose reinforced by the great ideas and ideals which can inspire and animate not only our own people but the peoples of the world. Without such a foundation our power is incomplete and unsafe.

And who shall shape these big ideas and invest them with life? If we confine our answer to pointing to the men we elect to public office we have omitted a group which bears at least an equal responsibility. Our writers. The prime function of writers in any age is not merely to amuse or entertain. It is to dig deep into their own times. It is to search for the root causes of crisis and to give them a blazing clarity. It is to stretch the horizons of men's minds. It is to evoke the natural greatness of men in response to great causes. It is to lead. But too many of our writers will deny this. They will claim a special exemption from history. They will glorify self-indulgent obscurantism and say they are merely symbols of their times. Chaos to them is not a challenge but a shiny reflective surface. It is as though words were nothing more than the currency of the incoherent. Or some writers will never get outside themselves, regarding it as their ultimate purpose to write only of their own uniqueness, since everything of consequence as they see it exists in the most subjective of all possible worlds. As for big ideas and ideals, they would regard such talk as the gibberish of the inferior and the immature. Theirs is the cult of the bored. The measure of a civilized man to them is his ability to be bored by an infinity of things. What, then, is the fate of passionate beliefs or compassionate acts in their hands?

The real question today is whether national greatness is possible without a great literature. If this seems to be overstating the question let us ask ourselves whether the American Revolution would have been possible without the ideas and energies of the Thomas Paines, John Dickinsons, Philip Freneaus, and Thomas Jeffersons. Or whether the American Constitution would have been accepted by the American people without the persistent and constructive efforts of the authors of the Federalist Papers. Or whether American history would have been the same without the spiritual and political independence of Emerson, Thoreau, and Whitman, or the scorching convictions of Garrison, Beecher, and Lowell. Or what English history would have been like without Ball, Crowley, Shakespeare, Herrick, Milton, Cowley, Defoe, Pope, Wordsworth, Landor, Byron, Shelley, Tennyson, Browning, Mill, Clough, Ruskin, Churchill. Or French history without Villon, De Lisle, Hugo, Mirabeau, Turgot, Rousseau, Voltaire, Quesnay, Montesquieu, Zola. Or Italian history without Dante, Bruno, Alfieri, Manzoni, Leopardi, Mazzini.

What most of these men had in common was a sense of personal commitment. They did not check out on their times, they were not bored, they did not assume that political leadership should or could do the job by itself, they did not write for themselves or play with murky words, they did not regard themselves as public entertainers, they did not separate literature from life or from the conditions of a free society that made the creative arts possible. Most important of all, perhaps, they did not venerate a phony respectability above all else. They could not be scared off by name calling or public abuse, which is the occupational hazard of being a writer. They believed that the job of the responsible writer is to be far ahead of his times, even at the risk of personal reputation. They pressed forward as fast as they could to give history impetus and direction, knowing that scared men are little men.

It is tragic but understandable if political leaders hold back from the things that ought to be done if they feel the people are not ready, or if they underestimate the natural idealism or greatness of the people. But for writers to believe, as many of them apparently believe today, that the climate is not right for the big words that should be spoken or written is to undermine their own franchise. What is it they expect? That the correct decisions and bold moves will automatically ooze out of the body of society? That they enjoy a special dispensation which protects their little world from threat or disaster? At least the politician can claim he has to operate out of consensus. What can the writer claim? That before he can write the public must tell him the words it is waiting to hear?

The American people today need many things. They need better information than they now have for making decisions. They need to be liberated from a preoccupation with trivia and from a purely mechanical or physical concept of the national security. They need a better understanding of their true assets, not least among which, in the words of Woodrow Wilson, is the fact that America is much more than a nation, it is an idea. They need antidotes to cynicism, defeatism, fatalism, inevitable-ism, and, most serious of all, day-by-dayism—that paralyzing disease that enfeebles any sense of obligation towards the future. They need positive goals. They need vital inspiration. In short, they need an epic sense in an epic time.

This is the size of the job. It does not rest exclusively upon the writer, but no one is in a better position to address himself to it. If we live in the Age of Communications the least that can be expected is that something of real substance and value will be communicated. —N. C.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

The Listener as Censor

SIR: Maurice B. Mitchell's comparison of broadcasting with publications [*SRL* Nov. 3] contains several arguments against his own position. He points out the expense and complexity of managing a broadcasting schedule. This and the fact that radio-television must, at any given moment, offer only one thing and must do so in competition with other stations at that given moment places these media of communication in a special position. They are, as Mr. Mitchell himself points out, under a constant obligation to reach a common denominator. I would like to protest against his assumption that anyone who does not belong to this common denominator is necessarily a crackpot.

A few exceptions will test his rule. New York City supports at least two large stations dedicated to "crackpots," one of these stations being public supported, the other operating on a conventional basis. The former shows that community "interference" is not inherently odious, the latter that intelligent programming is not incompatible with private enterprise. New York and other large cities are fortunate enough to have a sufficiently large population so that groups which do not belong to the majority can have their own outlets.

The listener is the censor, according to Mr. Mitchell, since he can twist his dial at will if a program does not suit him. In the larger city the listener *can*, it is true, twist it somewhere besides "Off." But where "Off" is the only alternative to several programs all vying for the same common denominator, the listener is faced, in effect, with the command: "Take what we have to offer or take nothing." I have lived often enough and long enough in towns where this type of choice exists to know from experience that nothing at all becomes the easiest choice for many.

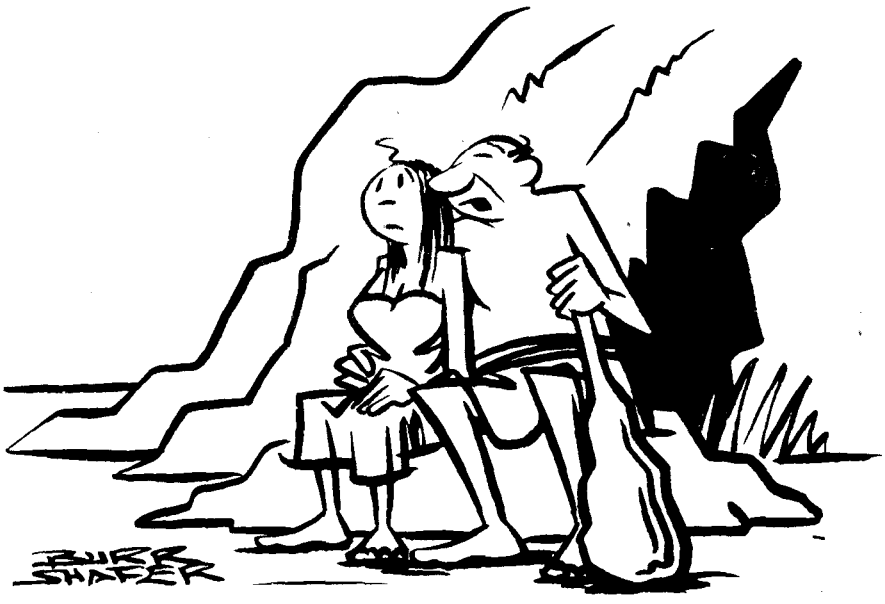
The claim of radio that it has been responsible for the general rise in the cultural level of our population (guilty of nurturing "crackpots"?) is analagous to the claim of the fly who crossed the bridge on the elephant's back and said, "Boy, didn't we shake that bridge?" Those radio stations which can validly claim such accomplishments are those which have managed to defy Mr. Mitchell's stated rules for pleasing the great amorphous public.

"Radio may not be all we want it to be — what is anyhow?" Magazines and books and phonograph records, to name a few. I can pass up anything I consider drivel in those media, because I am offered something else. The plan proposed by Senator Benton would simply secure the same privilege.

I for one believe that although the listener polls class me as a member of a minority, I am really a member of a group which is merely not part of a plurality of listeners. I sincerely hope that my interests will be looked after by responsible citizens, and I am sure it can be done without appreciably altering the status of broadcasting as a free enterprise.

JOHN L. MEYER, II.

Washington, D. C.



THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"Whenever I think of you it makes me want to write something where the lines end with the same sound."

The Readers Speak

SIR: I do not wish to renew my subcription. . . . I am tired of your hysterical whines about the atomic bomb, your propaganda for the U. N., your exaggerated concern for peoples and cultures that have nothing to do with the Western tradition of culture or letters, your platitudinous windbag Norman Cousins. . . .

Not that I am going to improve much. I am going to subscribe to one of the newspaper weekly book sections. At least I won't have to wade through muddy dissections of the mind of some Upper Indian peasant and long-winded vaporings on the threat to the American system that lies in forthright attacks on left-wing and Communist sympathizers in high governmental positions and the danger to the country's future that occurs when the taxpayers sound forth some of their ideas on education.

When and if you confine yourself to books again, and forget your pretensions to becoming an "organ of opinion," I may join you once more. In the meantime I hope you go broke.

HAROLD L. HITCHENS.

Fort Worth, Tex.

SIR: In renewing my subscription, I want to pay tribute to the leadership of *SRL* in general and of your editor in particular. I am sure I speak for the overwhelming majority of your readers when I say that you have become much more than a magazine in American life. You have become a rallying ground for big ideas and ideals at a time when the country is hungry for adequacy in its political and intellectual life.

I am sure the pressures on you to take a narrow interpretation of your editorial domain must be great indeed. But it would be a disservice to the things that make a great literature if you were to deal solely with book reviews. . . .

B. G. DALY.

New Orleans, La.

SIR: The editorial "One Sunday Afternoon" [*SRL* Oct. 20] seems to hit the nail on the head. I am sure that there will never be a workable international organization until the principles enunciated in that editorial are adopted. Let us hope that this will occur while there is still time.

H. H. HORDLINGER.

New York, N. Y.

SIR: The issue "America and the Partnership with Britain" [*SRL* Oct. 13] is a distinguished achievement.

FRANK H. FAYANT.

Fort Plain, N. Y.

SIR: Thank you for publishing "Poet Always Next But One," by David McCord [*SRL* Sept. 29].

KATHERINE CLARK.

Woodbury, N. J.

He Meant Moscow

SIR: Kindly rap Ben Ray Redman [NEW EDITIONS, *SRL* Aug. 11] over the knuckles. Napoleon did not retreat from St. Petersburg. He never was there.

E. M. WILDER.

Sacramento, Calif.

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R.L.S. AND "DR. JEKYLL": PART I

WHEN Stevenson arrived in America in 1887, things were not at all as they had been eight summers earlier. Dr. Jekyll could not have been more different from Mr. Hyde. As a matter of fact, it was "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" which more than anything else was responsible for the change.

At the time of his first visit no one had met Stevenson at the pier. He was friendless in New York, and he came alone. His most tangible asset was hope and the consciousness, as he put it, that "there is something in me worth saying, though I can't find what it is just yet." He was then an author little known and so hard up that on the *Devonia* he had exposed himself to all the discomforts of traveling steerage. If he spent a single night in the city, and that at a shilling boarding house on West Tenth Street, his reasons, both personal and professional, for saving money were urgent. He was a free-lance writer, trying for once to make a go of it on his own without any financial aid from his father. His need was copy, his quest more romantic.

News from Fanny Osbourne had summoned him to California. Fanny was, of course, the American woman who was to play so large a part in his life, his writing, and those incessant odysseys in search of health which finally took him to Samoa. Stevenson had met her three years before at Fontainebleau when, to escape from an unhappy marriage, she was living in France with her son and daughter. The fact that she was eleven years his senior had not kept him from falling in love with her at once. The news from Fanny, bad and good, was sufficient to make him, in spite of his own precarious health, brave even the hardships of an immigrant train across the country on his long trek to San Francisco. For he had heard that Fanny was ill, seriously ill. And she had written that she might at last be granted a divorce.

All this was in 1879. Stevenson's arrival on September 7, 1887, was quite another thing. Only the old struggle with illness remained the same. Stevenson's father had died the previous spring, thus breaking his son's last binding link with the British Isles which he was never to see again. Mrs. Osbourne was by now Mrs. Stevenson. Stevenson was accompanied this time by a sizable entourage—Fanny, his stepson Lloyd Osbourne, his mother, and a servant. Moreover, reporters were on hand to meet him. He was not able to see them until the next day, because a cold, caught off the Banks, necessitated his being rushed off to his hotel, the Victoria. But they were there, with all that their presence meant. His old friend W. H. Low, the artist who was to write about Stevenson so charmingly in "A Chronicle of Friendships," was also at the boat. A host of new friends, or of people who hoped to become his friends, was ready to make much of him. Saint-Gaudens was eager to have Stevenson sit for him. Publishers, including *Scribner's Magazine*, were on his trail with dizzying offers. The truth is that, though he found the experience "a bore and a fraud" and also very pleasant, Stevenson had become "quite a famous party" between his first and second visits to America. With reason, too.

The years 1884 to 1887 had been pivotal ones for him. They had marked the turning point in his career. During them he had ceased to be the author of well-received though generally unread travel sketches, essays, and narratives short or long, and become an international figure. His three years in England at Bournemouth had been extraordinarily productive. In spite of frequent hemorrhages and long, irksome periods in bed, he had managed to see through the presses such works as "A Child's Garden of Verses," "Prince Otto," "The Body Snatchers," "More New Arabian Nights," "Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," "Kidnapped," and "Underwoods." A reputation slowly gained had suddenly begun to spread like an epidemic.

The true alteration in Stevenson's fortunes should have come in 1881. Then it was that under the title of "The Sea-Cook" and over the signature of "Captain George North" a buccaneering tale of his had been serialized in a magazine called *Young Folks*, where, believe it or not, it had passed unnoted except by a few readers who wrote in scoffing letters. Two years later it had appeared in book form as "Treasure Island," and the Stevenson boom was on.

Although Jim Hawkins's story sold no more than 5,600 copies in England during its first season, it had won its ardent and important devotees. Andrew Lang had written the author ecstatically, "I don't know, except 'Tom Sawyer' and the 'Odyssey,' that I have liked any romance so well." The editor of London's *Saturday Review* had confessed he thought "Treasure Island" was the best book since "Robinson Crusoe." Even Mr. Gladstone was rumored to have thumbed the novel at Lord Rosebery's and to have spent the next day searching London for a secondhand copy of it. But famous as "Treasure Island" and these other works, especially "Kidnapped," had made Stevenson, it was the "Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" which in both England and America had done the most to establish his reputation.

THE STORY of its writing, publication, and reception is in itself an unusual tale. Every reader of poetry remembers with resentment that regrettable figure known only (and mercifully) as "a person on business from Porlock." His fate was to bring "Kubla Khan" to a full stop by calling on Coleridge at the precious moments when he was struggling to commit to paper those magical verses which had formed in his mind during the course of a three-hours' sleep induced by an anodyne. "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" was dream-born too, but in its case interrupted in the very act of dreaming. Born of a dream? No. Of a nightmare, of course.

It was Mrs. Stevenson who, by functioning somewhat in the manner of that person from Porlock, came near to undoing the story she was afterwards to do much to help. Stevenson was having one of his bouts with illness at Bournemouth when one night during a restless sleep his cries of horror caused Mrs. Stevenson to waken him. He did not hide his irritation. "I was dreaming a fine bogey tale," said he reproachfully. Whereupon he rapidly sketched in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" up to the transformation scene at which point he had been awakened.

Dreams were no new experience for Stevenson. He had been "an ardent and uncomfortable dreamer" since his sickly childhood. As a boy, when he had a touch of fever he had fought in vain against the "night-hag" who would sooner or later "have him by the throat, and pluck him, strangling and screaming, from his sleep." With the passing years Stevenson's dreams had lessened in their horrors. He would

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—Lithograph by Edward A. Wilson from the Limited Editions Clubs' forthcoming "Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde."

"'Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde' was dream-born . . ."

wake up, he tells us in "A Chapter on Dreams," "with no more extreme symptom than a flying heart, a freezing scalp, cold sweats, and the speechless midnight fear."

Later on when he had become a professional writer, with "bankruptcy at his heels" and the butcher lingering at the back gate, Stevenson found that dreaming had for him become a business. He had his names for the agents of his dreams even as Barrie had for M'Connachie, his whimsical *alter ego* and writing self. Stevenson referred to these agents, it pains me to admit, as "the little people" and "the Brownies." His hope was that they would supply him with marketable tales. However ghoulish they may have been as Brownies, no one can deny that they were invaluable collaborators when they worked with him on the "Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," after Stevenson had wandered about for two days racking his brains "for a plot of any sort."

For some years Stevenson had been frightening himself and others by writing such tales of terror ("crawlers" he called them) as "Thrawn Janet," "The Body Snatchers," and "Markheim." Moreover, he had long been concerned with the strange duality of human character. He had come closest to dealing with this subject in "Deacon Brodie," that play about a man who was good by day and evil by night which he had written with W. E. Henley. But the result did not satisfy him. He was still searching for the right story to express "that strong sense of a man's double being

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which must at times come in upon him and overwhelm the mind of every thinking creature," when he dreamed the dream which so possessed him that he started writing feverishly at daybreak.

STEVENSON said his nightmare supplied him with "the scene at the window, and a scene afterwards split in two, in which Hyde, pursued for some crime, took the powder and underwent the change in the presence of his pursuers." He does not, however, reveal the details of the writing of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," and these are exciting in their own way. A first draft of approximately thirty thousand words was dashed off in three days and read aloud to the family. Thereafter, when Stevenson had returned to his bedroom, Mrs. Stevenson wrote a detailed criticism in which, among other objections, she contended that he had sacrificed the allegory for "magnificent sensationalism." She took this criticism up to her husband and left it with him. After a while Stevenson's bell rang and Fanny is said to have found him sitting up in bed, a thermometer in his mouth, pointing to a pile of ashes in the grate. Since he was an author, his egotism was doubtless wounded. Yet he realized that Fanny was right, and he destroyed his first draft so as to avoid the temptation of relying on it when making a fresh start.

Regardless of how he may have felt, one thing is certain. Stevenson set to work again at once, writing as swiftly

Young Buck in Reservation

By Eleanor Glenn Wallis

HIS HORNS are in the velvet and as yet
He treads with wariness the pliant turf
But soon his hoofs will fling a sudden surf
Of snow upon the forest paths and set
An icy ring around the holly tree.
Now, in the season of young innocence,
He thrusts a tentative muzzle through the fence,
Touches my fingers, as appraising me,
And finding neither leaf nor edible bark
Nor any plant for which his palate yearns,
Withdraws his interest, paws the hillside, turns
His white-rimmed scut and scampers through the park.

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—ATKINSON, N. Y. Times

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as before and with the same fevered intensity. Three days later he emerged with another version of thirty thousand words. The feat he had performed was prodigious. For a healthy author to turn out sixty thousand words in six days would be incredible enough; for an invalid such as Stevenson it was miraculous. Instead of exhausting him, he was apparently exhilarated by the effort.

When the manuscript was revised, it was sent to *Longmans Magazine*, where the editorial decision was to publish it as a shilling book rather than to break it up into monthly sections. The small volume came from the presses at just the wrong time. The book stores, already overloaded with their Christmas stock, would not touch it. It was withheld until January, and then launched with difficulty. No one boosted it and few bought it until an enticing notice appeared in the London *Times*. Then suddenly it began to catch on, and within the next six months nearly forty thousand copies were sold in England alone.

Its sale in the United States was no less impressive (in pirated versions as well as the authorized edition); its impact equally spectacular. Ministers preached about it, religious journals devoted long articles to it, and laymen gulped it down (even as you and I still do), giving it their warm approval because it froze their blood. The "Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr, Hyde" did more than find its way into the hands of unexpected readers. It entered the theatre, too. In fact, five nights after Stevenson's arrival Richard Mansfield scored one of his outstanding successes in a dramatization of it by T. R. Sullivan, though Stevenson missed the performance because his illness forced him to flee to Newport with some old friends for a rest. The truest measure of the story's popularity was that the names in its title had already passed into the language, where they have remained ever since as synonyms for good and evil and a split personality. Its author had amusing proof of this the day before the *Ludgate Hill* reached New York. When the pilot, evidently a hateful man, came aboard Stevenson must have been pleased and staggered to learn that the crew referred to him as Hyde, while his amiable partner was known as Jekyll.

—JOHN MASON BROWN.

This is the first of two instalments which together will be the introduction to the new edition of Stevenson's "Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" to be published early in December by the Limited Editions Club.

SRL Recommends

Don Juan in Hell: The brilliant and rarely-played interlude from Shaw's "Man and Superman," as it is given a superlative "reading" by such fine actors as Charles Laughton, Charles Boyer, Sir Cedric Hardwicke, and Agnes Moorehead. This offering of the First Drama Quartette is one of the most memorable and stimulating theatrical events in years. At the Century Theatre through December 31. (*SRL* Nov. 10.)

Saint Joan: Shaw's stirring masterpiece, disappointing in Uta Hagen's performance of the Maid, but including its excellent male performances and so staged that the greatness of the play comes through. (*SRL* Oct. 27.)

Remains To Be Seen: A farcical whodunit by Howard Lindsay and Russel Crouse which is jubilantly acted and offers as many laughs as it does thrills. (*SRL* Oct. 20.)

The Moon Is Blue: A comedy which playgoers everywhere have taken to their hearts, though there are some of us to whom it seems like an inferior version of "The Voice of the Turtle." It has its funny lines and scenes and is acted with great charm and skill by Barbara Bel Geddes and Barry Nelson.

Stalag 17: An exciting and hilarious comedy-melodrama about some American airmen in a German prison camp. Excellently acted. (*SRL* May 26.)

The Fourposter: A two-character play dealing with all the familiar experiences of marriage, at least as it is known to the stage. Admirably played by Jessica Tandy and Hume Cronyn, and lapped up by playgoers regardless of what some of us may think.

The King and I: Another Richard Rodgers-Oscar Hammerstein triumph and one of the outstanding and most tasteful musical comedies of our time. Everything about it is right, especially Gertrude Lawrence's and Yul Brynner's performances of Anna and the king. (*SRL* Apr. 14.)

Guys and Dolls: Another musical of a very different kind but of the same distinction. In this case a Damon Runyon story has been brought to the stage in a stylized and delectable form which could not be bettered. (*SRL* Dec. 23, 1950.)

Call Me Madam: In the amusing Irving Berlin-Lindsay and Crouse musical, the great, the one and only, Ethel Merman in topnotch form as an American Ambassadress who more than faintly recalls our representative in Luxembourg. (*SRL* Oct. 28, 1950.)

South Pacific: With Martha Wright and Roger Rico heading the cast, this Rodgers and Hammerstein triumph, staged with such color and vigor by Joshua Logan, remains one of the most popular and beloved of current hits. (*SRL* Apr. 30, 1949.)

Two on the Aisle: An entertaining revue in which Dolores Gray proves herself to be a new and welcome star and Bert Lahr is unroariously funny in some sketches worthy of his fine talents as a clown.

Top Banana: A musical comedy about a TV star and ex-burlesque headliner which is all Phil Silvers, and quite an all Phil Silvers proves to be. He is an incredibly energetic fellow who is as convulsing as he is dynamic. —J. M. B.

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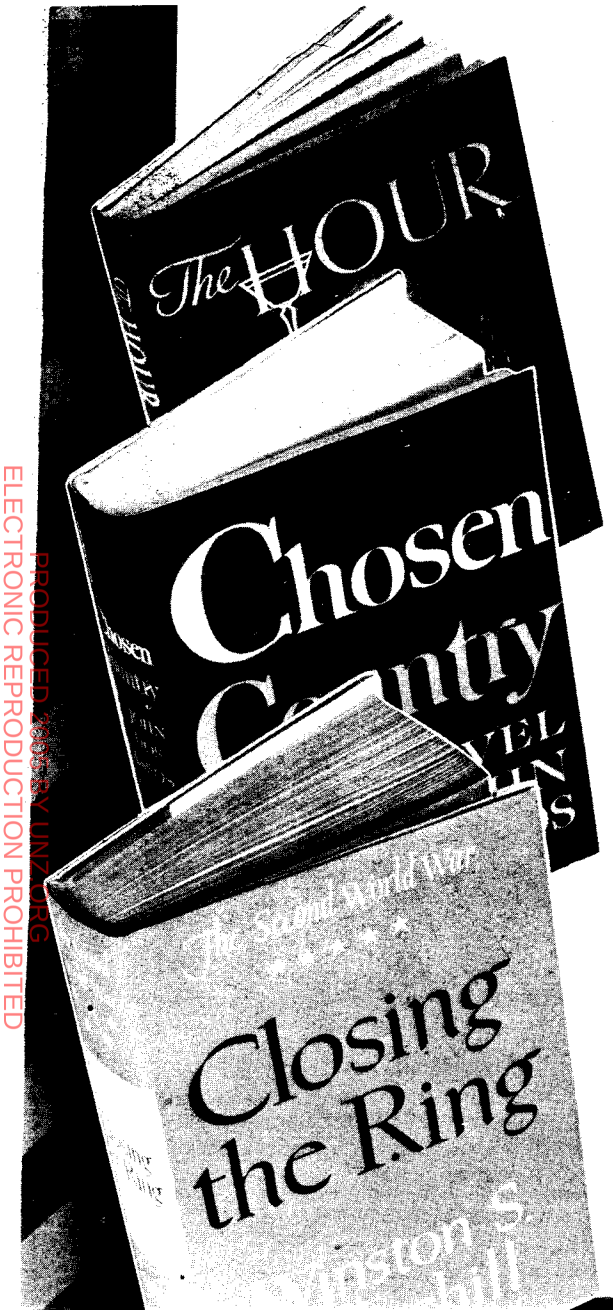

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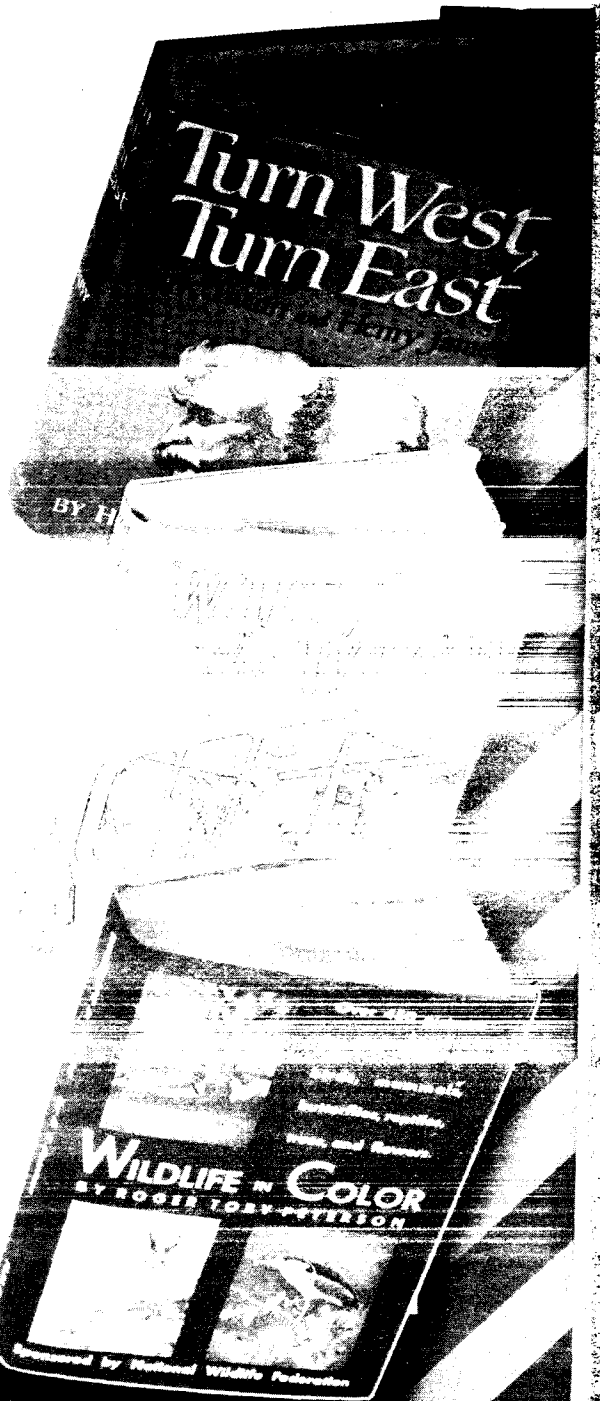

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Fiction. *Three writers with established reputations and followings and two writers who very shortly will have both are the authors of books we review at length this week. The work of Hortense Calisher has impressed readers of* The New Yorker *for some years now; the publication of a collection of her pieces, "In the Absence of Angels," gives book reviewers their first opportunity to hail her as one of the ablest practitioners of the short-story form. Hebe Weenolsen is a young English woman whose talents and methods, as revealed in "The Last Englishman," call to mind Hope Muntz of "Golden Warrior" fame. Turning to the established favorites, Victoria Lincoln won a wide reputation with "February Hill"; "Out from Eden" should expand it farther. Giuseppe Berto, author of "The Red Sky," now offers "The Brigand," while the new novel of Alice Tisdale Hobart, remembered for "Oil for the Lamps of China" and "The Peacock Sheds His Tail," is entitled "The Serpent-Wreathed Staff."*

An Artist and His Family

OUT FROM EDEN. By Victoria Lincoln. New York: Rinehart & Co. 311 pp. $3.

By Harrison Smith

THE peculiar magic of Victoria Lincoln, first apparent in her well-remembered novel "February Hill," has reappeared in each of the four books she has published in the succeeding seventeen years. It is possible to read a page or two of her text and say without hesitation that it could have been written only by Miss Lincoln. It is not merely her fluent style, but the tenderness with which she surveys her unconventional and sometimes wayward characters that makes her unique. It is as if she loved all of them and hoped that no matter how much their behavior exasperated her they would turn out all right before she reached the end of the volume.

"Out from Eden" is her most alluring book since "February Hill." It was a more difficult novel to write, since it is about an artist and his family, and all writers know how difficult it is to label characters as geniuses and then persuade their readers that they are not slightly demented egomaniacs. It is enough to say that she convinces the reader that Steven Davenport is a great American painter and that he has a constant and abiding love for his Junoesque and illiterate wife, Jessica. Both of them capture the imagination immediately. Jessica is first seen in the cellar of their New England farm washing sheets on a scrub board. "Her hair was quite gray," Miss Lincoln writes, "and her classic face was quite middle-aged, but nevertheless as she bent above the stone tubs she was a sight of overwhelming beauty . . . to have come upon her thus, unprepared, would have been a staggering experience for any man: something like running down cellar and coming, inexplicably, upon the goddess Hera tackling a family wash."

Their teen-age daughter, Topsy, had left school in the fourth grade, but she had inherited her mother's beauty and her intuitive knowledge of what went on in her father's mind when he was angry or had notions of moving and when he couldn't paint. "When Papa's painting," she had once said to her brother, "he looks like God," though the reader may decide that he probably looked and talked like D. H. Lawrence. The Davenport boy had Steven's erect frame and his strong countenance; his mental endowment came from the same source but had centered on a passion for mathematics and a desire to climb Mt. Chimborazo in South America. They had created their own self-contained Eden, whether its boundaries were a shabby studio in New York or a home in New Mexico or Connecticut.

Jessica, as she watched her mercurial daughter entering adolescence, had intimations of approaching storms. When a young painter apprenticed himself to Steven Topsy took one look at him and was never the same thereafter. It came at a time when Steven was suffering from one of his periods of stagnation and could not understand the danger of having a young man in the same house with a daughter whose lack of knowledge of realities was not balanced by her overwhelming desire to get on with the business of being a woman.

Other disturbing factors enter into the plot. One of them is a present Steven gives to Jessica—an enormous mirror instead of the washing machine she had longed for all her life. For years Jessica had been the model for the series of nudes that had made her husband famous. At a single word from Steven her garments fell from her no matter who might be present. On her birthday it chanced that she shed them as the workmen were installing the mirror and the stern mother of her son's beloved entered the living room.

What happened thereafter could only occur in a book by Victoria Lincoln, but the structure of the plot and the threads that lead backward and forward towards its consummation are firmly and deftly woven. It is an exotic and warm-hearted creation with a great deal of earthy humor. It contains those opposing factors which her critics in the past have noted; it is delicately fragile yet strong, restrained yet emotional, intensely serious yet amusing. Above all, "Out from Eden" is entertaining, a quality that has been discarded by many of our younger writers who choose to believe that entertainment is no longer necessary to the art of fiction.

Victoria Lincoln—"intensely serious yet amusing."

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Hero Worship

THE BRIGAND. By Giuseppe Berto. Translated by Angus Davidson. New York: New Directions. 224 pp. $2.75.

By SERGE HUGHES

THE adult's remembrance of adolescence is a sad acknowledgment of the speed with which a part of us, our past sensitivity, becomes blurred and even lost to memory. Only a few salient points are ever retained and in time they too merge in the receding coastline, and what is past becomes past forever. Only an artist can give to the past its plenitude, and perhaps only the artists of our time have so persistently sought out one period of the past, adolescence, and have so long meditated on it. Such an artist is Giuseppe Berto, whose insight into the world of the adolescent and of children was revealed some time ago in a collection of short stories, "The Works of God."

His new novel, "The Brigand," is the story, told by the fifteen-year-old brother of the heroine, of a young soldier who, on leave from the front, goes to the town where his father died and there is accused of having murdered a rich mill owner. Innocent, he is convicted and sent to jail. Liberated soon after the Allied invasion, he fights with the Partisans, returns to the village, and there tries to educate the poor peasants and to lead them in taking over the unused estates of absentee landowners. The landowners defeat him, he is forced into brigandage, and lives in hiding with the boy's sister, whom he has married, until shot by the police.

It is a simple plot, and although it deals with a serious political problem, it is not primarily interested in politics. It points to no symbolism. Its principal interest is in telling the story of a lonely boy and his need of hero worship, the discovery and following of the hero, and the hero's violent death. So flawlessly conceived, however, is the boy's sensitivity that the parts of the novel immediately centering around him, those parts which describe his moods, fears, his yearning for justice, his fear of love, are among the most beautiful pages of the modern Italian novel. In these ordinary words, in these long, unhurried sentences, this unostentatious directness of expression, there is the mark of a highly gifted writer. Observations which would be hackneyed in less competent hands (a detailed account of how cowardice and hypocrisy can dominate small towns, where people are close to the earth but by no means close to God) become in Berto's prose fresh, lyrical.

Giuseppe Berto—"highly gifted."

—Lotte Jacobi.

Hortense Calisher—"eye of an artist."

The second half of the novel, dealing with the return of the hero and describing the failure of his mission, is in a more familiar, rapid tempo. Yet the gentle figure of the boy's sister sustains and prevents it from ever becoming objectionably melodramatic. There is a mood, too, which binds effectively the two parts together: it is a feeling of pious sadness, pious in the Virgilian rather than the Christian sense, a feeling of articulate compassion for all things. There is a grandeur to this compassion, and when it touches the suffering of poor peasants, Italy's perennial problem of the South, it gives to them a dimension which seemingly life itself cannot give.

This is a beautiful novel, conceived in a spirit of soberness and chaste restraint.

People and Love

IN THE ABSENCE OF ANGELS. By Hortense Calisher. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. 243 pp. $3.

By CHARLES LEE

WITH this unusually fine first book of short stories, assembled from *The New Yorker*, *Harper's*, *Mademoiselle*, and other magazines in which all but one previously appeared, Miss Calisher immediately takes her place among the best American short-story writers of our time.

Her gifts are many. Her stories are fresh in their material as well as in their special slants of revelation. She attains that miraculous "solidity of specification," to borrow a phrase of Henry James, that achieves substance for her settings, aliveness for her characters, and convincing interpenetrations of both with the temper of the times. She deals equally successfully with the aged and the young, with the ordinary and the psychopathic, with male and female. She catches the compulsive talk of drunk and extrovert with the same skill that she explores the meditations of a mistress. She has the eye of an artist, the ear of a playwright, the balance of a judge, the mind of a psychologist, and the heart of a saint. Miss Calisher strikes one as a person who can never be fooled.

In varying ways her stories deal with people in love, out of love, searching for love, or incapable of love. They deal with the humanity of an obscure teacher, the insecurity of an "assimilated" Jew, the heartlessness of egotism, the terrible mob-imposed conformities of a department-store employee, the hungers of the young, the tragedies of the old. They range from the disintegrations of uranium to the deadlier disorders (since they are the real detonators of destruction) of hate, tribalism, and prejudice. And yet, though full of terror and torment, they are neither without compassion nor, more important, without hope. "In the Absence of Angels" Miss Calisher seems willing to pin her badly bruised faith on the virtuous potentialities of man.

It is difficult to pick favorites from these fifteen arresting tales. "Point of Departure" is a wonderful study of love and sex. "Heartburn" is an extraordinary fantasy, its grim humors rippling with meaning for the alert mind. "Night Riders of Northville" is as real as the local bar that is its setting. "The Watchers" will make your heart skip a beat in its contem-

(*Continued on page* 43)

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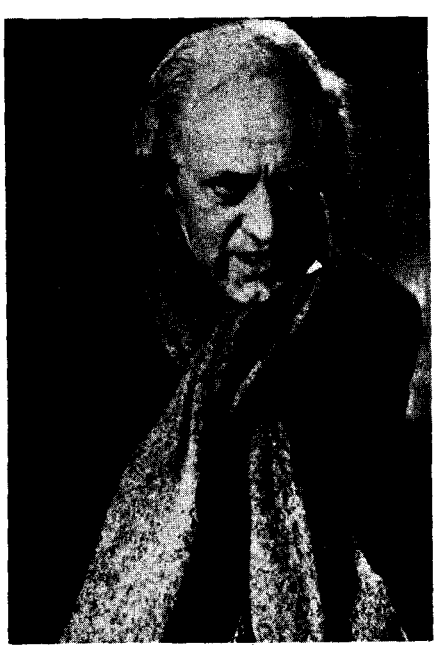
SRL Goes to the Movies

OUR MR. SIM

HEAVEN KNOWS, "A Christmas Carol" (United Artists) is a lugubrious yarn, but there are those who are fond of it, including vast numbers of children, adults, and actors who like to use the character of Scrooge for a wide range of body, facial, and vocal effects—"real acting" in other words. The first film use of the Dickens story occurred not long after "The Great Train Robbery," and by my records the current British effort is number five in the series. And this time we have, by all odds, the most marvelous and wonderful Scrooge of all, for it is Alastair Sim who puts him through his paces. This information alone should be enough to send some people into action, first grabbing two or three children, then hustling them to the theatre.

I suppose it's quite possible, though, that sections of the American film audience have not yet been exposed to the magic allure of the Sim personality, and a little indoctrination might be helpful. Alastair Sim's most recent accolades came from a couple of British pictures, "Hue and Cry" and "The Happiest Days of Our Lives," the latter a very funny take-off on the British public-school system. Art house stuff, mainly, and perhaps "A Christmas Carol" will gain Mr. Sim his largest American audience to date. To the English he is practically a household fixture. For a quarter of a century he has been seen in a nearly infinite number of plays and movies, only a trickle of which ever gets over here. No role seems too small for him to go to work on and turn into a gem. Pictures otherwise dull somehow come to life when he is on the scene, and actors who appear with him gain in stature, even give the illusion of true ability, for, like a sardonic saint, he sheds his glow over them. This was true in the Hitchcock "Stagefright" of a couple of years back, small as his role was. A friend of mine recently had the opportunity to watch him on the London stage in a James Bridie play, and wondered whether or not Hollywood would ever be able to make adequate use of him. His feeling was that he would be saddled with soggy, hopeless parts, as so often happens with imported actors of ability. But I still think it quite possible that, even if he were to walk upon a Culver City sound stage, he would gently take the director in hand and make the poor overpaid chap see it his way. He is without doubt one of the great comedians of our time, more than that, one of the great actors. Only people like Guinness and Olivier and Hardwicke are fit to walk in his company.



—*From "A Christmas Carol."*
Alastair Sim—"like a sardonic saint."

So, in "A Christmas Carol" is the gorgeous opportunity to see him run the Dickens gamut. He is mean, ratchety, miserly, mumbling, terrified, sad, repentant, and finally joyful, gay, and human. Here is the basic primer of acting, as demonstrated by Mr. Sim. It is perfect, it is done up brown. Classic, is maybe the word. And perhaps, too, it is ham, in the grand sense that all truly gifted actors understand it.

He has accompanying him in this grueling caper quite a few others who know their jobs. Mervyn Johns is Cratchit, and looks appropriately woeful when Sim makes his pronouncement of "Humbug!" Michael Hordern is the tightfisted business partner, Marley. In his ghost scene he gives vent to some delicious groans, and clanks his chains as loudly as anyone could possibly wish. And Kathleen Harrison is just fine as Mrs. Dilber. Nor do the writer and director, Noel Langley and Brian Hurst, spare the message. Frankly I was overcome. I rushed out and bought a huge bagful of candy, two sleds, a toy tank called "Shermie," and a miniature Geiger counter, and brought them home to the kids. They hadn't the faintest idea of what had gotten into the old man. Well, wait until *they* see our Mr. Sim in what we might term the definitive version of "A Christmas Carol."

For those who are altogether stalwart in their championing of Sim there is another British job around that employs him, entitled "Laughter in Paradise" (Stratford). But be warned. He's only in it for twenty minutes or so, and the rest of this "comedy" about the consequences of a dead man's will is so heavily arch, so elephantine in its pace as to make one wonder if it was sent across to undermine the Conservative Party. But Sim's moments again make you aware of his accomplishments. Just as plodding in its own way is "The Clouded Yellow" (Columbia), also a British picture. Jean Simmons and Trevor Howard are in the cast of what purports to be a mystery-melodrama (no mystery, no melodrama, no *nothing*), and their time has been thoroughly wasted. British movies when they are bad are really very, very bad.

—HOLLIS ALPERT.

SRL Recommends

A Christmas Carol: Reviewed in this issue.

La Ronde: The wry Viennese comedy "Reigen," by Arthur Schnitzler, now a thoroughly adult French picture spoofing worldly seduction. Currently banned in New York. (*SRL* Nov. 10.)

Detective Story: Faithful, moving adaptation of Sidney Kingsley play, well acted and only slightly modified for the innocent movie-goer. (*SRL* Nov. 10.)

The Browning Version: So accomplished a filming of the Terence Rattigan play about a stiff-lipped English schoolteacher that its basic sentimentality is almost acceptable. (*SRL* Nov. 10.)

When Worlds Collide: More good cataclysmic fun in science-fantasy about a new planet smashing into ours. (*SRL* Nov. 10.)

Across the Wide Missouri: What it was really like out on the plains with the Wild West men in 1829, based remotely on Bernard De Voto's book of the same title. (*SRL* Oct. 27.)

The Lavender Hill Mob: Alec Guinness as probably the world's most lovable bank robber. (*SRL* Oct. 13.)

The Red Badge of Courage: A translation of Stephen Crane's Civil War classic into what may well become a classic of twentieth-century American film making. Masterfully directed by John Huston; with Audie Murphy and cartoonist Bill Mauldin. (*SRL* Sept. 29.)

A Place in the Sun: Dreiser's universal values emphasized, his more dated polemics muted, in this well-acted remake of "An American Tragedy," expertly directed by George Stevens. (*SRL* Sept. 1.)

A Streetcar Named Desire: Tennessee Williams's prize-winning drama remolded for screen with 20-20 insight by Director Elia Kazan and unexcelled cast. (*SRL* Sept. 1.)

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TV and Radio

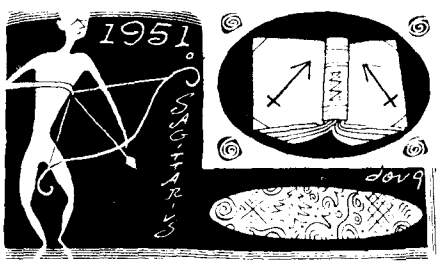
BRIGHT NEW STAR: JACK BENNY

AMATEUR home movies, known technically as Television, appeared to be sinking swiftly into the mire of mediocrity and resting complacently at that level when suddenly the professional critics discovered a new star, whose style may revolutionize TV thinking and bring some semblance of order to complete chaos.

The strange part of the story is that this new star appeared in the new medium about a year ago and was soundly trounced by these same professional critics. A year ago the critics cried that action was the main requisite for a good television show. Nobody could just stand there or sit there and say clever things. Nobody could just stand there and sing. Move around—get off the couch—look out of a window—sail a ship—tote that barge—lift that bale—get a little drunk. Do something. Do anything. Well, just don't stand there—say something!

Now along comes a new star, stands in front of a curtain, as he used to stand in the old days of two-a-day vaudeville, just as he stood in front of a microphone for nearly twenty years, and the critics, fed up with the frantic frenzies of the comics who have made a shambles of our parlors, discovered Jack Benny.

It was just a year ago that these same critics set television back ten years. They were amazed at Groucho Marx, who just sat there and was brilliant. "Where was the action? What were the cameramen doing? This isn't television. This is radio." They were definite, and their opinions were final. So final that any comedian who had any idea of doing a show without action was hooted out of the advertising agencies as well as the networks. Writers of comedy shows were instructed to concentrate on action. Producers and directors constantly sought new ways to step on punch lines of monologues with new camera angles and production extravaganzas. It was the eye which was to be entertained, not the ear. Unfortunately it turned out to be the nose. For a whole year Mr. B. continued to appear spasmodically on television, doing the best he knew how to cater to the whims of the critics. He gave an excellent account of himself, I thought. But the word was that he wasn't television. He tried several variations of the action theme. But his heart didn't seem to be in it. The know-how accumulated through years in show business cried out against what he was doing. And so when he began a new season in television he decided to put that know-how to work for him, the critics notwithstanding. If it was good enough for the Orpheum circuit it was certainly good enough for the co-axial circuit. He decided to take a stand—and that stand was in front of a curtain—and to his amazement the critics shouted "Eureka."

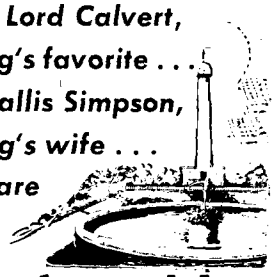


There is more to the story than just the discovery of Jack Benny. The great talents of other comedians, until now hidden under bushels of lights and scenery, could now emerge with the critics' blessings and just stand there for all to listen to. A great comedian of Fred Allen's stature could now, if he wanted to, walk out before the camera and be Fred Allen, and not concern himself with putting on a football uniform in a sketch which found Fred Allen a student in college. Other famous talents of the days of vaudeville could now come into their own.

It is interesting to note in passing, for instance, that a comparatively newer talent, Frank Sinatra, had been knocking himself out with action sketches in his hour-long show. Yet when the frenzy died down and Frank stood quietly before the camera sipping a cup of tea and talking directly into the living rooms he became charming and altogether a personality you wouldn't mind having over once a week for a little chat. That is where television has its big problem. That once-a-week. Unlike the movies, where the stars appear once, or at the most twice, a year, television has the problem of keeping its stars from wearing out their welcome. The best way to keep them fresh and welcome is to keep them from becoming overbearing. Quiet conversation and intelligent writing along with a minimum of camera angles, production, and frenzy might do it. This isn't to say that the cameramen should forget all their know-how. They should concentrate more on know-when.

—GOODMAN ACE.

From Lord Calvert,
a King's favorite . . .
To Wallis Simpson,
a King's wife . . .
here are



The Amiable Baltimoreans

By FRANCIS F. BEIRNE

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Music to My Ears

RESTUDIED "RIGOLETTO," REVITALIZED "FIGARO" — FOSS AND OTHERS

THE Rudolf Bing Slum Clearance and Reclamation project, which swept away one ancient pile of Metropolitan debris when "Aida" was offered on opening night, bulldozed another when the new Eugene Berman treatment of "Rigoletto" was seen for the first time. Here the treatment has gone in another direction and, for my taste, with equal justice.

Of the four scenes, one is excellent (the interior of the ducal palace), two are satisfactory (Gilda's home and the tavern scene at the end) and one is peculiar. The latter, the first of the evening, may well have been affiliated with overbright lighting. Toning it down may take the accent off the yellows and reds which made something of a mottled effect. Moving the time to the period of Hugo's novel (rather than the indefinite one formerly favored) achieved nothing material. As in his well remembered "Giselle," Berman's stage designs tend to compose pictures rather than settings for dramatic action, but this time the balance was quite equitable.

What remains timeless, of course, is Verdi's music, and this was superbly served by an ensemble that blended the best of Metropolitan talent—Leonard Warren's Rigoletto and the Duke of Richard Tucker—with an importation of quality, Hilde Gueden from Vienna. The temptation to deal first with the unfamiliar is fairly irresistible, but let it for once be resisted. Warren's Rigoletto is a majestic feat of vocalism which has been rewarded with the scenic embellishment it has long deserved. Additionally refined by Herbert Graf's new staging, it is more sizable than ever, with a notable climax in Act III. For once, the courtiers are not mere choristers frozen into attitudes, but human beings paralyzed by the fury of Verdi as vented by Warren. Tucker's Duke has to fight the disadvantage of a squat figure, but it makes deeply satisfying listening.

Between these two poles of vocal electricity, Miss Gueden intruded a willowy personality and a responsive vocal art that was now drawn one way, now another. Refinement rather than flamboyance is her attitude to the vocal line, which is—in the recent virtuous pattern of Erna Berger—much more musical and endearing than is the common case with Gilda. The P.S. to this would of necessity concern the purity and sweetness of Gueden's voice, and its promise for future service as Rosalinde, Eva, etc. In smaller parts, Norman Scott made a soundly effective debut as Monterone, Alois Pernestorfer a rather routine one as Sparafucile.

Alberto Erede's conducting, always pertinent, always precise, needs but a touch of the riotous and the dissolute which infect this score to have a really notable accomplishment to his credit. Any future improvements in this direction will only contribute to further upgrading of this "Rigoletto" over recent Met ones—though Jonel Perlea did some remarkable things under less favorable conditions.

The season's first "Nozze di Figaro" brought with it a new day of promise for the Mozart public. It came back in familiar scenic dress but with a virtually new cast measured for vocal fitness by Director Bing and tailored to Mozartian specifications by conductor Fritz Reiner. With John Brownlee's Count (sounding surprisingly well) as a link with past ensembles, there was a tangible yardstick for measurement. Musically, dramatically, this one took rank beside the best of the past.

For Victoria de los Angeles as the Countess and Nadine Conner as Susanna, the evening marked the high point of Metropolitan esteem, but both were put in the shade a little by the lively personality and sound art of Mildred Miller (nee Mueller), a Cleveland mezzo who made something of a sensation with her Cherubino. Admirably boyish in looks, Miss Miller sang "Voi che sapete" and "Non

—Sedge LeBlang.

Mildred Miller—"something of a sensation."

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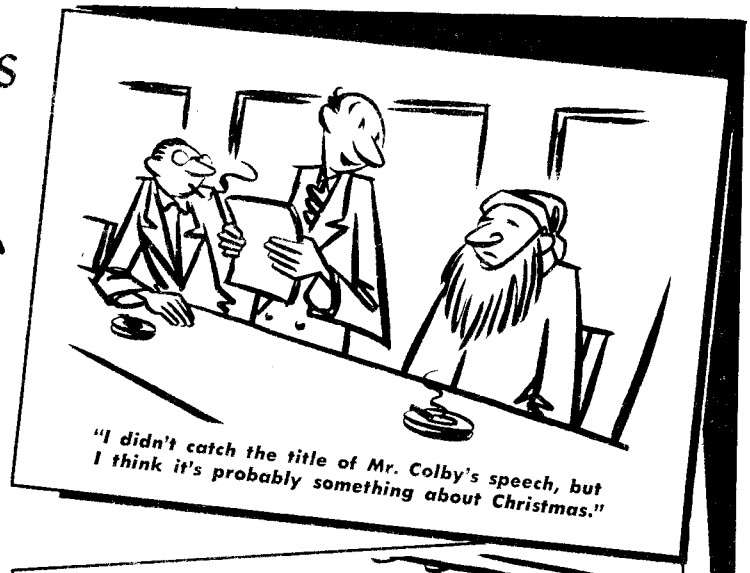

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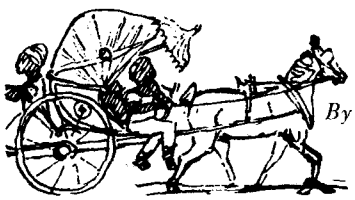
COLUMBIA PRESENTS

Impressions respecting New Orleans



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so piu" delightfully, acted with zest and mobility while taking in stride, a debut in so exposed a role. Her voice is warm and beautifully placed, capable, one suspects, of growing to Cherubino's natural opposite—Octavian in "Rosenkavalier."

Cesare Siepi's first effort anywhere with the knickers and knockabout of Figaro was a wholesome success. His voice is a shade heavy for the part, but his efforts to lighten it were increasingly successful as the evening progressed. Since he has the range—both musical and dramatic—for the role, one imagines it will grow in wit and spirit from its already superior starting point. In fact, with De los Angeles charming the ear with "Porgi amor" and "Dove sono" (while making a more appealing picture than any Countess since Rethberg) and Miss Conner projecting bell-like tone from first to last, the total panorama of sound was several shades more Mozartian than it was last summer at Glyndebourne. Reiner's enveloping direction tied all the loose ends neatly together, while weaving a skein of sound artful and just. More brio will come, one hopes, with repetitions. In this work too, the reasonable time allowed Graf for organizing action was evident in the many new touches of appropriate interplay.

* * *

IN BRIEF: The good regard earned by Lukas Foss through his "Song of Songs" and "Jumping Frog" (a stage treatment of the Mark Twain story) was jeopardized by most of the thirty-five minutes it took the Boston Symphony to play his Piano Concerto No. 2 recently. The eventual impression was that Foss, now meditating on a Prix de Rome, had been disturbed by the comment that he was just an old neo-Romantic, and was determined to show that he could be just as modern as the next "Fellow" (Guggenheim, or otherwise). To judge from the lack of glibness or conviction in this piece, neither his mind nor his heart were in it. That is just as well, for we feel Foss is much too original a talent to need this kind of protective coloration. While remembering his brilliant execution as soloist, and that of the orchestra under Charles Munch, we're quite prepared to pretend that the whole thing never happened.

A belated hearing of Schoenberg's "Erwartung" concentrated major credit for vocalist Dorothy Dow and conductor Dimitri Mitropoulos at its Philharmonic premiere. A product of 1909, its message has filtered through to us ere this in Berg's "Wozzeck," of which it has many fascinating premonitions. —IRVING KOLODIN.

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FICTION

(Continued from page 37)

plation of death. "Old Stock," layered with intentions, will slap some into new and necessary awarenesses.

Miss Calisher is occasionally given to the strange word in her fastidious search for perfection of communication, but this is only a minor flaw in one who manipulates the language with such sensitive success. Her prose is a thing at once trim and trembling, accurate and suggestive, for all its sharpness as packed with sudden revelations as a landscape lit by lightning.

Few works of fiction that I have read this year are as arresting in content and characterization as Miss Calisher's dramatic first book. It stirs the emotions. It seeds the mind.

A Doctor's Dilemma

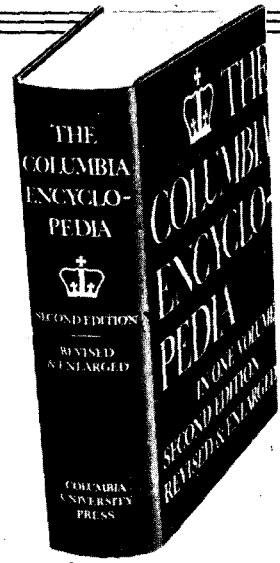
THE SERPENT-WREATHED STAFF. By Alice Tisdale Hobart. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Co. 403 pp. $3.50.

By JOSEPHINE LAWRENCE

THE attitude of the doctor toward his patient is the concern of the orthopedic surgeon-hero in "The Serpent-Wreathed Staff." Alan Towne holds it necessary to treat a man's soul, mind, and body, as well as his specific disease. This theory has been the subject of a number of nonfiction books recently published by physicians, and psychosomatic medicine is not precisely a new idea. Mrs. Hobart, however, is writing in support of compulsory medical insurance, and her story values are all but submerged in a heavy propaganda sea.

Alan Towne is presented as a man blessed with an open mind, a compassionate nature, and the will to expend himself in the service of others. His older brother, Sam, also an orthopedic surgeon, is allotted the role of conservative—the conservative currently serving as the modern prototype of the old-fashioned villain. Sam won't permit his doctor-wife to practice. Sam favors the segregation of Negroes. Sam makes disparaging remarks about Jews. Sam resents his daughter's marriage and eventually ruins her life. Sam, Mrs. Hobart would have us believe, is the typical doctor who opposes compulsory medical insurance.

Very leisurely, with great attention to detail, she traces Alan's medical career, first in World War II, then



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THE REALLY IMPORTANT GIFT

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after his return to the States and his marriage to a beautiful Jewish girl. Alan breaks with Sam and begins group practice with two other doctors. Eventually he persuades the wealthy father of a young patient to build a hospital of which he, Alan, is to be the head. His first staff appointments include a Jewish doctor and a colored therapist.

Illness, misunderstanding, and anxiety beset the domestic scene, too. Sam's wife longs to practise, and her husband's influence on the life of their daughter worries her. Alan's wife conquers her racial sensitiveness only to fall victim to an attack of polio. Almost the only tranquil figure on Mrs. Hobart's large canvas is quiet Francis Towne, the father of Alan and Sam. Francis, who refused to be a doctor, must have been a lonely man.

Arthritic and post-polio cases are Alan's special field, and his hospital makes steady headway until the question of compulsory medical insurance renews the conflict between him and the members of his County Medical Association. The combination of racial prejudice, regional fears, and jealous, hide-bound rival doctors results in the defeat of Alan. He is dropped from the hospital board. His usefulness in this Midwestern town is ended, and he must start all over in some strange place.

The propaganda novel can scarcely be expected to present both sides of a controversy, but the line of reasoning pursued in "The Serpent-Wreathed Staff" is calculated to leave the reader frequently groggy. The inference throughout is that doctors alone oppose socialized medicine and that all patients are sold on the benefits of the welfare state. One of Alan's arguments is to the effect that the County Medical Association attempts "to block the government plans by coercing all doctors." What about the millions of the laity who feel that the government, by attempting to force the acceptance of compulsory medical insurance, is coercing them?

The Song Ingathered

(At the Pigeon Cove, Mass., grave of William Rose Benét)

By I. L. Salomon

IN THE sluices of the vein
the metric of my noble art
strikes in code upon my heart
an arcane hieroglyph of pain

that neither tongue nor thought subdues.
The witless presage mind must spurn,
as weathered words of wisdom burn,
contains its brightness as a fuse.

And so I give my craft its praise
in lauds the heart has made my own;
I bear, within the sullen bone
and marrow, music brief as day's.

The instant dwindles, much as light
finds refuge in the challenged shade;
my stern craft, never meant for trade,
corrects imbalance as I write;

and I am humble, as I wear
my lyre strung in miniature,
knowing sweet song may not endure
as my heart gathers fire from air.

Romantic Balladry

THE LAST ENGLISHMAN. By Hebe Weenolsen. New York: Doubleday & Co. 337 pp. $3.75.

By THOMAS CALDECOT CHUBB

WHEN Mrs. Weenolsen's stirring novel, "The Last Englishman," first came into my hands, I regretted that my memory was not better, for it would have been a great temptation to compare it with Charles Kingsley's Victorian classic, "Hereward the Wake."

But it is just as well that all that comes back to me of a book that beguiled my younger reading is the frontispiece picture of a blond, long-bearded, unarmored warrior hurling himself to his death amid a ring of Norman knights, and the skilful if somewhat stilted cadences that were then required in historic prose. For Mrs. Weenolsen's romance, though also about Hereward, deserves to be judged on its own merits. They are not inconsiderable, though of a different sort.

"The Last Englishman" is not a classic, to be sure. Classics are not always made or even born, but are more often the product of circumstances. They must express the feelings of, as well as be outstanding in, the age that produced them, and in a day when—to use the words of a contemporary—"as is usual in the U. S. fall, historical novels have been fluttering down like autumn leaves," it does none of the first and is not quite enough of the second.

It is, rather, an episodic and a colorful tale, well above the average in readability, and if it has very few of the subtleties and the psychological overtones and undertones that we have come more and more to expect in historical fiction, it should at least please those many who like their balladry "over-the-rocks" rather than diluted, and who are more concerned with event and with excitement than with that sort of finely-drawn portrayal that, in their opinion, belongs more to realism than romance.

Indeed, to call it "good balladry" is perhaps the best way to describe "The Last Englishman." As far as background (or maybe "scene painting" is the word) is concerned, it is accurate and convincing, but otherwise it is a rhymed ballad expanded into 337 pages of vivid prose.

As such, most of its dramatis personae are types. William the Conqueror—or, if you are English, the Bastard—does come to three-dimensioned life, but the others are like names sung by a minstrel. Hereward

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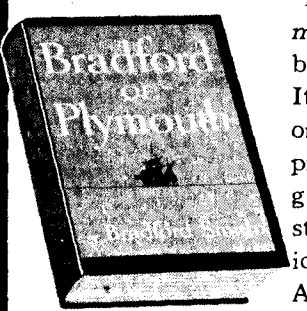

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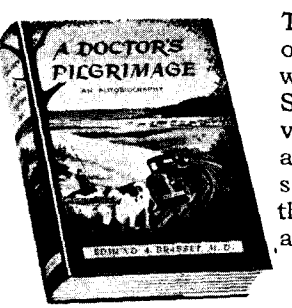

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is the never-defeated hero who only meets his end through treachery. Sir Guy de Lussac is the absolute villain. Martin Lightfoot is the essential loyal servitor. Sir Herlwin Fitzhugh is the Norman (absolutely necessary too) whose good heart beats for the Saxon he has dispossessed. And Althya is the perfect, impossible heroine—in what way I will leave you to find out yourself.

But if you accept this, jeepers (as the young say) what a story! The literal-minded may carp at speeches about Norman plus Saxon makes modern Englishmen as having been uttered somewhat ahead of time, and may wonder what has happened to Torfrida, who was Hereward's wife in the more sober histories. Let them go back to their encyclopedias—while the rest of us simple-heartedly enjoy something that is thoroughly enjoyable and, even at the risk of being called escapists, ask for more.

Fiction Notes

LADY OF THE MOHAWKS. By Margaret Widdemer. Doubleday. $3.25. In line with this season's preoccupation with the French and Indian wars Margaret Widdemer has come up with her version of the romance between Molly Brant and Colonel Johnson. There's the usual skulduggery on the part of the French in the background and a few scenes of violence to remind us that this is the conquest of a raw country we are dealing with. Otherwise the atmosphere is rather genteel, even at times elegant. Since we know how the wars came out our attention is mainly focused on Molly's domestic problems with her rather wandering husband and on the love that handsome François Joncaire, of the enemy, bore her. These things come out all right, too.

THE BIG BUBBLE. By Theodore Pratt. Duell, Sloan & Pearce. $3. Mr. Pratt's twentieth novel is a brisk, smartly machined job that covers the great Florida land boom of the early Twenties. If you can get past the fact that the hero and heroine are called Adam and Eve you can then settle down to a fast moving popular tale which follows the fortunes of rising young architect Adam as he makes over the Florida landscape, gets caught in the speculative madness of the period, builds a fortune, almost falls for society's false values, does fall for a siren straight out of the silent movies of the period, but finally recovers his senses and his good wife, Eve, when he loses his shirt. For no reason at all the author uses an extended note to assure us that his characters are fictitious.

A HERO OF OUR TIME. By Vasco Pratolini. Prentice-Hall. $3. The Italian documentary film has its current counterpart in what might be called the documentary novel. Mr. Pratolini's second American offering in this naturalistic field is concerned with the postwar—1946—fortunes of Sandrino, corrupted child of Italian Fascism. Still Fascist at heart, sixteen-year-old Sandrino is an amoral delinquent, ever with an eye to the main chance. How he seduces the widowed Virginia, twice his age, robs her of all her money, and finally murders her is the burden of Mr. Pratolini's slight tale. Despite some superb details of characterization the story never quite comes alive, perhaps because Mr. Pratolini points his moral so sharply and stacks the cards so early against his lost, unlovable characters.

WAIT FOR THE WAGON. By Mary Lasswell. Houghton Mifflin. $2.50. Those three furies Mrs. Feeley, Mrs. Rasmussen, and Miss Tinkham are again on the loose. This time their beery bacchanal takes place on a mad, mad journey across the continent, Old Timer at the wheel of course. The doings involve a worn-out strip teaser, a dope peddler posing as a psychiatrist, and an assortment of rather tired jokes. Miss Lasswell's humor has all the sprightly charm of a soda cracker soaked in her character's favorite brew. But the millions who enjoyed the scatological obsessions of her heroines in "Suds in Your Eye" and the other volumes in this series will surely take this one to their hearts.

THE BOY CAME BACK. By Charles H. Knickerbocker. A. A. Wyn. $2.75. Concerned with the forces of evil and sadism at loose in the world today, Mr. Knickerbocker has constructed a swiftly paced tale of violence set against the seeming quiet of a Maine village. When the Boy, a juvenile delinquent—frightened by and hostile to the world—returns from the war a hero, he unleashes in the town all the petty fears and spites and brutalities that, in Mr. Knickbocker's book, lie hidden in most of us men of the modern world. He also arouses the ire of a rather Gothic villain who likes to cut up mice and torture pretty girls. This town leader precipitates the final burst of vengeful violence in which the Boy is almost destroyed. Mr. Knickerbocker obviously has a message, but he has successfully hidden it in murky melodramatics and improbable characterization. Settle for this as a thriller and you won't be too disappointed.

—EDWARD J. FITZGERALD.

—Jacket design by George Mayers for "Lady of the Mohawks."

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BELLES-LETTRES

(*Continued from page 27*)

essay in his quarterly column in *The American Scholar*—the journal of Phi Beta Kappa. He has been writing it (as he explains) to express, in compact form, whatever has come into his awareness or imagination. And as often as not he has dared to be lighthearted. If the current disquisitions which substitute for the essay *are* lighthearted "it is presumed that they cannot be serious." His courage is a cheerful thing in itself.

"Under whatever sky I had been born, since it is the same sky, I should have had the same philosophy." These are Santayana's words which gave Mr. Edman his engaging title. It is a title sounding more like Emerson than Santayana: "The sky is the daily bread of the eyes." But Mr. Edman is not a skyman in the sense that Robert Frost and Henry Beston are. His down-to-earth concern is with men and ideas—men and ideas not only under whatever sky but under whatever heaven. Time conditions space; indeed, his farther slips easily into further.

"Is it not the human dilemma that the human race wishes the quietude of peace without the boredom of it?" Mr. Edman is never bored. He lives and writes on the positive side of the Chesterton maxim. There are 124 pieces in this book. They average something like two pages each; they deal freshly and thoughtfully—and often with wit and humor—with every imaginable subject. They are not related, save as a civilized mind relates everything in the end. One of these essays in miniature—in the Strachey phrase—deals with aphorisms. Mr. Edman himself is frequently the aphorist. He thinks that the world today is "too complicated to be audaciously summed up in either a system or a maxim." Perhaps so, but this collection is seasoned with minor summaries of his own, and many of them are memorable. "It is not easy to distinguish the concise from the trivial; it is child's play to be compact when one has nothing at all to compress." (A charge that will not be lodged against the author.) "The geography of recollection is determined by

taste and love." How very good that is!

Mr. Edman never lets fly with his philosophy or other men's philosophies. Serenity, of course, is a voiceful philosophy in itself. Discussing everything, under whatever pretext, he does not assume the mantle of the omniscient—which suggests that only a wise man has respect for ignorance. He has an uncanny gift for letting the reader set his own pace. This is important, for an essay is the selective meeting-ground of friends. His method is a continual refutation of what one friend says (or what he makes him say) in an essay called "The Ambiguities": "The clearly intelligible is the cliche." Somewhere in Havelock Ellis's "Impressions and Comment"—essays to the point of fragment—I recall the admonition: "Be clear, be clear, be not too clear." Perhaps this is the art of putting ideas into your reader's mind without the resulting shock of recognition. Mr. Edman says he will be pleased if any reader should say: "Curious! *Just* what I've been thinking." Only a great teacher could possibly be as modest as that! But perhaps only a great teacher could define the usable satisfactions. Or trifle with microcosmic magnificence.

Poetic prose such as this can be persuasive; the ideas behind it can be catenary. The chain-reaction goes on and on at every level: train whistles, higher education, how to tell authentic writing, why great stories should never be finished (an Ellis notion, incidentally), on being suspicious of people in a hurry, the truth about the Twenties, "Nothing" (though without reference to Belloc), Utopia in the backward glance. One can take off from any paragraph—which reminds me that Mr. Edman's urban friend, who pokes his head into page 70, was really quoting Mrs. Bell of Boston. It was she who first said, approximately, to someone departing the city for the country: "If you see a tree, kick it for me!"

So we'll go no more Thoreauving
So late into the night?

Nonsense! The essay is dead? Absurd! It will last so long as intelligent men walk together in the city or the country, or meet across a table or in front of an open fire. Give this wise and comfortable book to a friend for Christmas and he will thank you for lighting a candle in the dark.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Charity Pecksniff. 2. Herbert Pocket. 3. Augustus Moddle. 4. Rose Maylie. 5. Lavinia Wilfer. 6. Esther Summerson. 7. Septimus Crisparkle. 8. Dick Swiveller. 9. Infant Phenomenon. 10. Charles Darnay. 11. Kit Nubbles. 12. Estella Provis. 13. Nell Trent. 14. Seth Pecksniff.

THE RELIGION OF ART

(*Continued from page 14*)

"good points" of America they were as much at a loss as Joyce or D. H. Lawrence would have been trying to think of the good points of Ireland or England, and the points they disliked in America least in the decade that followed the war flourished as well as anywhere in Paris. There, for example, was the horse-racing that Hemingway and Sherwood Anderson relished, and the jazz craze also excited Paris, where ex-cowboys sang the cowboy songs that Gertrude Stein delighted in and American tap-dancers and trap-drummers were also in fashion. They competed with the Negro dancers and singers who sang their blues in the cabarets and the French who had introduced from Africa the instruments and drums of the Africans along with their sculpture; for, with anthropology all the rage in Paris, as throughout the world, primitivism also throve on every level. Nor did one have to go far to find the bull-fights of which Hemingway first heard from Gertrude Stein. Hemingway felt that in this generation one had to condition one's feelings and mind to the sight of the grisly realities of blood and war. For nothing could make one more vulnerable than "going romantic."

At the center of the "vortex of young men," as Ezra Pound called it, who had served in the war or come over wishing to be writers, Pound stood himself, with Gertrude Stein and Ford Madox Ford, who published his *Transatlantic Review* in Paris. Never before had Americans known such teachers of the literary art, teachers who cared for this and for this only, all but oblivious of the question of content and concerned with method and form alone in the social and moral vacuum of the outlook of the present. Paul Valéry was of one mind with them when he said that "the *matter* is of small importance," that nothing was of any importance but method and form, a notion that appealed to many Americans for whom Thorsten Veblen's "instinct of workmanship" possessed already an esoteric meaning. Pound, in a letter of 1908, had listed the great subjects about which "nine million poets" had already "spieled"—spring, love, war, voyages, a young man's fancy, and so on—asking why he should write what he could "translate out of Renaissance Latin or crib from the sainted dead." Since he excluded for himself the "bulk of the poetic matter of the ages," his own

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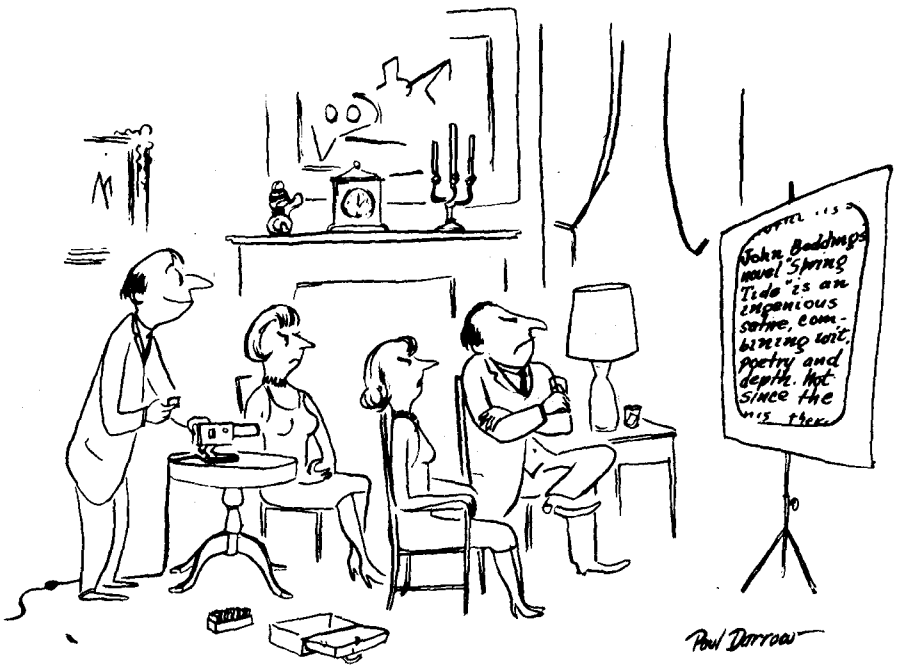
poetry could only be a dance on the head of a pin, interesting rather for the way he did it than for what he did, even to many who followed him with excitement and devotion. With its lovely original images, his work was a medley of borrowed plumes from "obstinate" and "still uncharted" isles, impressive for its learning and strangeness and new metrical movements, while it was Gertrude Stein's new rhythms that hypnotized her followers, for, dispensing with subjects, she too had little to "say." Both, in their total indifference to the future and their detachment as floating souls from the public and social concerns of the majority of writers, were able to concentrate wholly on matters of esthetics.

It was easy for Americans in France to feel what Gertrude Stein said, "Politics and voting do not make any difference." She had been "skeptical about Utopias" ever since she was a child, while Ezra Pound had written in "Patria Mia," "I have put belief in Utopias afar from me"—"Utopias" meaning, for both, the political world; and this simplification of their outlooks and lives gave them all the more force in the one realm to which they were entirely devoted. Unmindful of the future, forgetful of the past, they felt with additional energy the importance of the present; and this naturally increased their authority with a lost generation that had abandoned its roots with its hindsight and its foresight. Of this present Pound said, "We feel [its] ingress [and] are full of the will for its expression," adding, in his study of Gaudier-Brzeska, "I have no intention of underestimating my own generation." Pound said it was "a time as active and as significant as the Cinquecento," and Gertrude Stein was abreast of him in her sense of the importance of the moment and the part that Americans were destined to play in it. For in her view England "refused" the twentieth century, which American history had predestined the Americans to start, adding that "we," with a handful of others, but above all Gertrude Stein, were "creating the twentieth-century literature and art." Paris, moreover, was the place where it "suited us" to do it.



WHAT Gertrude Stein did for the new writers of prose, especially the novelists, Ezra Pound did for the young American poets, though Pound also was interested in Flaubert and James as models. It pleased him, too, to observe that Americans were creating the twentieth century, a fact that he noted by no means for chauvinistic reasons. He insisted on a "universal standard which pays no attention to time or country"—a criterion that was based on world-poetry, and one that was beginning to seem natural enough to the new transnational Americans as it could scarcely have seemed in the Anglo-Saxon past. Pound had, besides, what he described as a "plymouth-rock conscience landed on predilection for the arts." This sea-green incorruptible in his literary ethics was famous already for divining the merit in others. Was it not known that he had discovered both Joyce and T. S. Eliot, as presently he discovered Ernest Hemingway, blue-pencilling "The Waste Land," the most distinguished poem of the day, reducing it by half and establishing its form for the printer? Already a legend when he arrived in Paris, Pound spent more than half his time defending and advising his friends, advancing their fortunes, getting them published, selling their pictures, arranging concerts for them, writing articles about them, lending them money. A "banned writer," as he said he was, who "joined" his words "for four people," begging his well-wishers not to procure him more readers, he anticipated Hemingway's injunction not to write "too damned much," an American tough-guy version of Mallarmé's gospel. He preached the "directness of presentation" that Hemingway also exemplified, observing that in Rimbaud, for instance, "the image stands clear," unencumbered by any nonfunctioning words, while, further to disencumber minds, he drew up his new canon of a "basic" literature that paralleled basic English.

With these born teachers living in Paris, great personalities beyond a doubt, whatever the ultimate value of their work might be, the religion of art was bound to flourish in the vortex of the young who had taken to publishing American magazines and books there. In this world in which Mallarmé had dreamed that something could be done with the language of poetry which had never been done before—that a sort of poetic algebra might be discovered to replace the poetic arithmetic of ordinary writers—it was natural for Hemingway to dream of a prose of the "fourth and fifth dimension" and wonder how far, in short, prose could be "carried." He regarded the art of novel-writing with a kind of religious veneration that he felt obliged to withhold from everything else, from the rest of the "sacred" and "glorious" things that were so tainted with cant for him that he could no longer believe in them truly at all. Had not all the great words, "from loose using, lost their edge?"—and had not the things they stood for lost their edge also?—for one example, the "sacrifices" that were "like the stockyards of Chicago if nothing was done with the meat except to bury it." For the war, as many felt, had proved to be a swindle, the war that had been brought on, as one of the friends of Hemingway said, by "worm-eaten old men" and "moralizing hacks."

Now Hemingway was to be the founder of a school of prose as surely as Pound was the founder of a school of poets. He was the type of those who discovered in art the great compensation for living. For them life had begun with violence and war, and nothing else was real—nothing was quite real, that is, but physical sensation when

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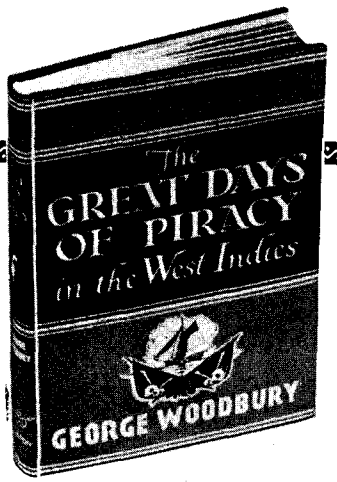

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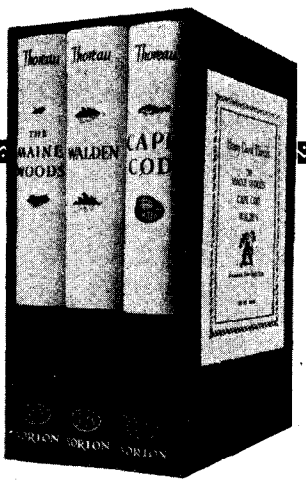

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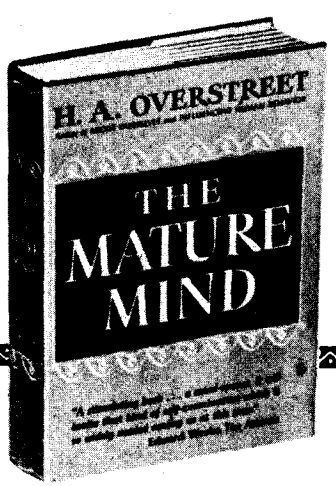

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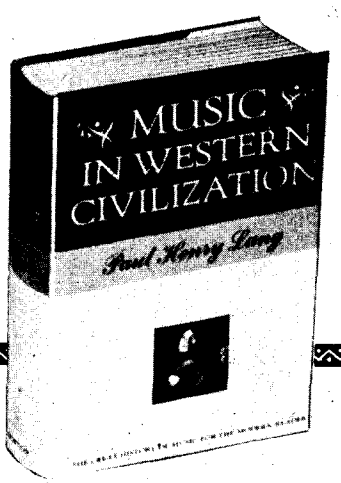

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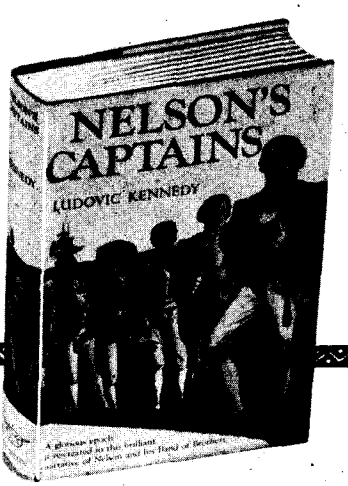

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one could feel this, too, in the form of art, the art of eating and drinking, for instance, when one could "have fun" with it, as one of Hemingway's characters presently remarked. One could make arts of skiing, fishing, boxing; and horse-racing was an art in which one could feel for the horse the admiration one could not feel for men. Then there was bull-fighting, in which matadors were artists and which one could justify fully if one saw it as an art, "a bit strong just at first when the bull starts for the horse" but something that left one at the end with a "feeling of elation." For, fixing one's mind on the art of it all, one forgot the "horrors" and ceased to "notice anything disgusting," a triumph of esthetics over human sensitivity that was to set a new fashion for Anglo-Saxons.

To Hemingway, as to others at the moment, only the primitive was real, the plane to which life was reduced if men were to survive, if they were to endure the monstrous conditions of existence at the front and accept as normal the perpetual presence of death. The four-letter word played a necessary part, like drunkenness and lust, where sensitive men had to live like men of the Stone Age and where they could only adjust themselves to a life that was so perilous and harsh by violently reducing their complexities to the rudimentary level. For Hemingway, who was deeply in tune with this war-induced frame of mind, whatever was not primitive and simple was verbose and false. He was ready for Gertrude Stein's nursery-tale style and her bread-and-milk baby-talk about "nice" wars and wars that are "not nice" and the talk of the half-inarticulate roughnecks of an American West predisposed to be skeptical of culture.

The curt style of Hemingway—which passed into a school of tough-guy prose as surely as Pound's style passed into a school of verse—had a literary history that anteceded "Huckleberry Finn," the one influence that Hemingway himself was glad to admit.

IN THESE years intelligent people feigned stupidity and tried to conceal the fact that they possessed any culture or had had an education, one of the many phenomena that Bernard Shaw had in mind when he said that the world had been "knocked back" fifty years. For this outlook lowered the value of education and culture. Shaw added that Americans would never be civilized until they learned that a sock in the jaw was not the cure for every human ill. For man was himself "devaluated" in this regressive atmosphere in which love was so often on the level of the mating frogs, and anthropology and Freudianism had stripped away whatever remained of the majesty that Melville and Whitman had found in human nature.

To forget world-questions and fix one's mind on matters in which one could be "precise," and the more so because thoughts about a future were necessarily *vague*—this was the doctrine of Gertrude Stein and of Ezra Pound. Shaw, said Pound, was a "mere louse" in comparison with Joyce or Henry James, while to T. S. Eliot Shaw was "silly" when he affirmed that one could make an act of faith out of a sheer belief in life itself. Yet this was what Albert Schweitzer did and what every serious man must do if he cannot accept the theology to which Eliot resorted. It was nothing to either Eliot or Pound—or rather it was everything—that Shaw and Wells, whom Eliot also scouted, were endeavoring to realize in contemporary terms the vision of a good life and world that had sprung from the Enlightenment and the age of revolutions. This vision was the heart of the American Jeffersonian tradition.

Now it was precisely this tradition for which the religion of art, for all its various victories, found no room, inasmuch as the basis of the religion of art was a rejection of what Eliot called the "myth" of the revolutionary faith in the goodness of men. Repudiating this, it was obliged to reject the democratic liberalism that arose from a respect for men and their latent powers; and, rejecting this, it could only revert to the absolutism of earlier times along with the authority that imposes conformity and order. The conquests of the religion of art were many—the invention of new styles and forms, the substitution of exactness for the vagueness of the romantic, the turning of the eye within to the depths of the subconscious mind and, for Americans especially, a planetary outlook. For after the "expatriate" generation there could be no return to the old American provincialism, to the "parochial standards" that Pound, for one, attacked and, with others, destroyed, and the literature of the future was predestined to express an interracial mind that had touched in its experience life in all corners of the planet. As Pound said, the "death-struggle with provincial stupidity" had been a main theme of both Flaubert and James, the favorite older authors of the moment; and, for the rest, there was more than one reason for the growth of the faith in authority, for the reversion to absolutes. Who could wonder at the cry for clear and positive affirmations, for simplifications, for the wisdom of ignorance even—and even perhaps for ignorance without wisdom—for anything final, whether Black or Red, Catholic or Communist, though it virtually invited "tyranny over the mind of man."

When, moreover, it became the fashion to see man as a "fallen" being instead of as the "reservoir of possibilities" he had seemed of old, it was natural for many to demand with Pound an end to political "psychic sessions" and to call for "commands to the militia." Men can only be asked to be self-reliant when they are supposed to be "upright," as the author of *Ecclesiastes* said they were—that is, before they sought out "many inventions"—but when they are regarded as "fallen" they need something else, the discipline, the prodding, the force from without that authoritarian regimes imply, be they Stalin's, or Rome's, or Mussolini's. On this question regarding the nature of man, whether he was "upright" or "fallen," the continuance of the American tradition obviously depended—the tradition that was still active and vocal at the beginning of the First World War but that seemed to be hanging in the balance a generation later.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT No. 441

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 441 will be found in the next issue.

QVZ XEZCSV VKHZ KC TWZK, QVZ ZCUBTFV UTHZ K UGZFF, QVZ UZENKCF VKHZ K SDCHTSQTDC, QVZ KNZETSKCF VKHZ K EZKSQTDC.

—BTCSDBC FQZXXZCF: KGQDLTDUEKOVJ.

Answer to No. 440

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PAR LAGERKVIST: DRAMATIST OF THE SOUL

(*Continued from page 15*)

lines, centered on one figure of symbolic reference. In brief, these novels are Lagerkvist's judgments on the brutal, the twisted, and the loveless in modern man.

"The Executioner," published in 1933, may have its setting in a medieval alehouse, but it is, or was, of contemporary moment, appearing as it did in the early days of the Third Reich. The ominous figure of the executioner, in blood-red cloak, sits silent in the midst of the human comedy. Men come and go, now whispering curiously, now stopping to make obeisance. A well-fed dowager pauses suddenly on the way to the lady's room and exclaims: "Well you don't say! It's the executioner! Wait till I tell Herbert about this. My son is simply mad to meet you. Dear child, he loves bloodshed so!"

Finally the executioner, symbol of violence, steps forward, a *fuehrer* among *heils*, to proclaim the terrible truth of his mission: "Again you call me, and I come. I survey the land—a land lying feverish and hot—and in the air I hear the screams of sick birds. It is the rutting hour of evil. It is the executioner's hour."

"The Dwarf," published in 1944, also treats the bestiality of man, but here the central figure is commentator, a court retainer on the Renaissance scene. Lagerkvist's style has never so effectively demonstrated the naked thew and sinew of the Swedish language; his irony has never been more chilling and Swiftian. There is, for example, the dwarf's record of a torture victim's suffering: "He was not in the least heroic—about average."

And yet we are not likely to assume the dwarf's angle of vision, though we must accept his claim: "Nobody else can see through people and unmask them as I do." We are not inclined to honor the twisted commentary of one who finds laughter "unlovely and disfiguring." The attack fails for lack of an adequate spokesman and we may find the novel something short of satisfying, may even reject it for the "little exercise in hair-raising" that Hamilton Basso found it to be. Yet in purity of form and economy of statement it is admirable.

"Barabbas," published in Sweden in 1949, is a sadder and profounder moral tale. Throughout his writing Lagerkvist has circled the figure of Christ to discover a saving grace for modern man. Now he approaches the very scene of Calvary in the person of the shadowy Biblical character who was reprieved that Christ might have his cross. Barabbas, as Lagerkvist creates him from the least of materials, is a selfish, restless, loveless man who stands for all of us who linger on the periphery of Christianity, wondering how it could be that one man—and a poor figure of a man at that—could die for another. So Barabbas peers at the dying Christ from a protective screen of bushes, turns away to seek the bed of his fat mistress, commits an impulsive murder out of a confusion of motives, and tries repeatedly but apathetically to accept the testimony of Christ's death. When he finally dies, a martyr by accident, whispering "I entrust my soul to thee," we wonder if he addresses God or Death. The ambiguity is intentional, for Lagerkvist can supply no easy Christian solution.

IT IS as dramatist that Pär Lagerkvist is most highly regarded in his native Sweden. No writer of popular realistic drama however, he has never seriously deviated from his personal manifesto of 1918, the essay "Modern Theatre" prefaced to three one-act plays. Here Lagerkvist explicitly re-

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By Howard Collins

A NINETEENTH-CENTURY NOVELIST

Leonard Manheim, of Floral Park, New York, submits an acrostic in which the initial letters spell the name of a famous author; further, each character is from that author's works. Allowing five points for each character and thirty points for the name of the author, a score of sixty is par, seventy is very good, and eighty or better is excellent. Answers on page 48.

1. — — — — — — — — — — — — — — — — — —
   She and her sisters were rivals for the affection of a villainous, miserly son of a materialistic, miserly father.
2. — — — — — — — — — — — — — — —
   He was the friend and companion of a young man who was being educated by an unknown benefactor.
3. — — — — — — — — — — — — — — —
   The "youngest boarder" at a famous boarding house, he was at one time affianced to the sister of No. 1 above.
4. — — — — — — — — — — —
   After a severe illness which almost took her life, she turned out to be the long-lost aunt of the hero.
5. — — — — — — — — — — — — — — —
   The bad-tempered sister of a "boofer lady," she inherited her sister's boyfriend.
6. — — — — — — — — — — — — — — — —
   The novelist's only heroine who tells her story in the first person.
7. — — — — — — — — — — — — — — — — — —
   The vigorous clergyman of Cloisterham Cathedral, he resides in Minor Canon Row with his Dresden-china-shepherdess of a mother.
8. — — — — — — — — — — — — — —
   This member of the "glorious Apollers" befriends and finally weds a "Marchioness."
9. — — — — — — — — — — — — — — — —
   The stage name by which the youngest female member of a certain troop of provincial actors was usually known.
10. — — — — — — — — — — — — —
    He shares his author's initials and is saved from death by a former rival who greatly resembles him.
11. — — — — — — — — — — —
    Poor but honest, he is the worshipful admirer of the adolescent daughter of an old gambler.
12. — — — — — — — — — — — —
    Adopted in infancy by an eccentric spinster, she turns out to be the daughter of a transported spinster.
13. — — — — — — — — —
    The object of the adoration of No. 11.
14. — — — — — — — — — — — — — —
    This architect is a consummate hypocrite and the father of No. 1.

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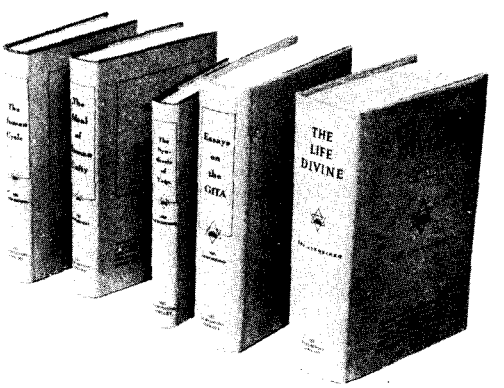

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jected the naturalism of Ibsen and the pretentious interior decoration of the Craig-Reinhardt school for "a simpler, more expressive form," one that liberated the playwright from the past and present and rendered the area of fantasy more accessible—and more reasonable.

The source of Lagerkvist's inspiration is clear in his first stage success, a one-acter called "Heaven's Secret" (1919). It was no accident that it was produced at the Intimate Theatre of Strindberg's founding; nor that Harriet Bosse, Strindberg's third wife, took the one feminine role. The whole play is deeply imbued with the spirit of Strindberg's Inferno-period. The scene is "an enormous blue-black sphere"; on it God is represented by an old man sawing wood, Love by a distraught Ophelia playing a stringless guitar; the stage is further peopled with the grotesques of our modern waste land: an ape-like executioner in flesh-colored tights, busy decapitating a heap of dolls; a fawning dwarf in oversize clothes; and others simply crippled or aged. The result is less a play than an oratorio on the theme of meaninglessness.

From Strindberg-inspired nightmare Lagerkvist moves to lyric fantasy cut from the same cloth as Shelley's "Prometheus Unbound." In "The Invisible One" (1923), least successful of Lagerkvist's plays, the unknown god is protagonist and a moody, ectoplasmic Oversoul he turns out to be. The play is notable in introducing Lagerkvist's preoccupation with the afterlife of the soul, with a kind of transcendent humanism that is couched in poetry of real dignity and moment.

But Lagerkvist had fled too far into the realm of fantasy for even the best of expressionistic stagecraft to help him. He resorted to the homely idiom of the people in "The Man Who Lived His Life Over Again" (1928), the parable of a shoemaker who, by supernatural agency, gained reprieve from death for a murder he had committed in a fit of passion. Just as it appears that this self-willed, impulsive tradesman has lived his life over into ripe old age and family tranquility he causes the suicide of his son, in effect repeats his life in much the same pattern. The fusion of fantasy with documentary treatment of a tradesman's life created what is perhaps still the most effective of Lagerkvist's theatre.

Lagerkvist's next two plays, "The Man Without a Soul" (1936) and "Victory in the Dark" (1939), have the surface appearance of realism, but it soon becomes apparent that morality play has been distilled from the substance of polemic drama. Political parties are never named; indeed the characters themselves, in the earlier play, are not named but merely identified as the Man, the Woman, the Beggar—in the manner of the German expressionists from whom Lagerkvist gained many lessons in technique. The "man without a soul" is a febrile sort, a political extremist who finds himself in the complicated situation of loving the mistress of the political opponent whom he has murdered. Love in part resolves the conflict but the soulless chap, who is condemned to death for draft evasion in this unnamed country, goes to the gallows with nothing to assuage the anguish of heart but the priest's doubtful assurance: "Perhaps God has need of you."

In "Victory in the Dark" Lagerkvist again concerns himself with the twilight of the soul as it implicates itself in political revolution, but the moral intent is clearer. The combatant individuals, Fontan and Grant, turn out to be more than benevolent despot and snivelling revolutionary. They are the good and evil of internal conflict translated into the action of the stage. When Fontan walks out into a hail of bullets from the insurgents he is, quite simply, goodness triumphing in death.

IF LAGERKVIST cannot come to terms with God or man, he can find consolation in the ultimate triumph of the soul. A new optimism is reflected in the title of "Let Man Live" (1949). Lagerkvist has never been hampered by the restrictions of time and here he accentuates the eternal by bringing together the martyrs of history in a short but magniloquent oratorio. There is Jesus; Joan of Arc; and Joe Brown lynched in Columbia, South Carolina, in 1922; there is Socrates; Giordano Bruno; and Richard who operated a make-shift transmitter behind some iron curtain—all dedicated to some sustaining value. Finally there are Paolo and Francesca, caught up in the transcendent love, a love which is for Lagerkvist the rebirth of the soul into the infinite.

In Lagerkvist, then, we have to settle for a transcendent belief in the human soul. Happily the author's sense of form gives substance to this near-Christian Platonism. Lagerkvist is always the artist, seldom the philosopher; and his is a kind of art that we could well afford to know in America. If he is not so robust as Bunyan, nor so brilliantly forensic as Swift, nor as fantastic as Strindberg, caught in the spindrift of his visions, Lagerkvist partakes of the moral and artistic intensity of all three. He is a giant of modern classicism.

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PERSONAL HISTORY

(Continued from page 24)

the French underground, and Bracha, heroine of the Israeli. In the best tradition of the spy thriller is the story of "Adrienne," the blonde dancer in Budapest who was associated for a short time with a U. S. attaché, the former Governor of Pennsylvania, George H. Earle.

A chapter on the Anatomy of Espionage provides an interesting background to these stories, giving them depth and perspective.

A Big Decision

I WAS A MONK. By John Tettemer. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 280 pp. $3.50.

By HARRY SYLVESTER

THIS is the simple, unpretentious autobiography of a man who was a Passionist monk for twenty-five years, who left the order and the Church, married, and raised a family. He had been a good monk; this is evident from his book. His fellow Passionists thought he was a good monk, too, for at the age of thirty-eight he was appointed Consultor General of his order, equivalent to being second in command for the order throughout the world. His book is of particular interest right now because what he did out of honesty and his own vision of the truth is precisely the opposite of what an appreciable number of his contemporaries are doing. These are the nervous souls who in a troubled time seem to think the Church is a kind of storm cellar, or a warm bath that will wash away the stains of an ideology becoming more and more unpopular.

Tettemer did not do what all ex-Catholics are popularly supposed to do —cease to believe in a God or a religion. Nor did he leave the Church in anger or passion. Other men continue to leave the Church for Tettemer's reasons or very similar ones. The difference between Tettemer and most of these is that Tettemer knew the right, or at least the philosophical, names for the things he could no longer believe in. Of course, the difference lay deeper than mere nominalism. An apostate layman can particularize the various tangible occurrences that make it impossible for him to remain a Catholic. Tettemer for a long time was able to rationalize these away. What he could not rationalize were the philosophical and theological concepts from which he felt the abuses or irrationalities sprang. He found that he was a monist rather than a dualist, that is, he did not believe God could have made something outside Himself, something that He was not a part of. Since dualism is the foundation of the Catholic Church's doctrine of redemption, Tettemer could no longer remain a Catholic, much less a monk. He felt, too, as so many others before him, that Christ's teachings had been rationalized to the point of disaster by the literal-minded. "The evil and sacrilege came from confusing . . . interpretation with the original revelation itself and treating both as equally sacred . . ."

I wish Tettemer had devoted somewhat less than three-quarters of his book to the quite conventional tale of his early life in Missouri, his vocation, studies, and rise in the Order, and a good deal more to the details of the change which took place in this man on the way to a bishopric. Tettemer had a good deal to gain, possibly a red hat, by remaining in the Church, and nothing but uncertainty and a sense of freedom by leaving it. The evidences of the struggle are implied, but—for whatever reason—Tettemer shies from details.

It seems well to add that sensation-seekers had best leave the book alone. There are no revelations here of dark doings in monastery cellars. Tettemer makes passing recognition of abuses in the Church (he feels that they are less than might be expected in any similar organization), then goes on to relate in unimpassioned tones the intellectual and intuitive reasons for abandoning what he had thought to be his calling. Many will hate him for writing this book, but John Moynihan Tettemer hated no one. Maybe that was why he had to do what he did.

Harry Sylvester is a novelist who has written extensively on Catholic problems. His books include "Golden Girl" and "Moon Gaffney."

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Repudiation of a Lost Decade

OUT OF BONDAGE: The Story of Elizabeth Bentley. New York: The Devin-Adair Co. 311 *pp.* $3.50.

By Oliver Pilat

ELIZABETH TERRILL BENTLEY, the middle-aged ex-school teacher who flashed across the front pages of the newspapers as a repentant "spy queen" in the summer of 1948, has now produced a book about her decade in the Communist Party. Any authentic story of the way ideological dupes are molded to underground use by the Soviet possesses some value to the American public at this time. Unfortunately, Miss Bentley is not always subtle or precise, and she doesn't tell enough about herself or her adventures.

"Out of Bondage" starts abruptly in 1934, when Miss Bentley was twenty-six. She provides the skimpiest clues to her early life. Without subscribing necessarily to Morris Ernst's theories about the complex of family relationships predisposing people to Communist activity, it would have been helpful to know what she was like as a girl.

From a graduate student at Columbia University, short on cash and long on political idealism, Miss Bentley became converted into a "steeled Bolshevik," so she says, within a short time after joining the party in 1935. She insinuated herself into espionage. In 1938 she became the mistress and associate of Jacob Golos, a kindly man with a weak heart who used a tourist agency as a front for organizing Soviet spy rings. When Golos died in her arms on Thanksgiving Day, 1943, most of Miss Bentley's enthusiasm for the underground evaporated. After two years of deepening disillusion, she told her story to the FBI, and eventually, to the public.

One of Miss Bentley's first sources of industrial and military data was Abe Brothman, a New York engineer. As a result of her confession Brothman was picked up in 1947 by the FBI and questioned at length, along with Harry Gold, who was his chief chemist. How did Brothman and Gold combine to fool the FBI and evade arrest for another three years? It's a hair-raising story, known to insiders, but you will not find any reference to it in the Bentley book.

Julius Rosenberg, now awaiting execution for espionage, was another Bentley contact. Recently the Communist Party has begun a campaign to prove Rosenberg innocent on the silly theory that references to "Julius" by spy ring personnel, including Bentley, did not mean Rosenberg, but Klaus Emil Julius Fuchs, who turned over atomic data to Gold. You won't find any reference to that campaign in Miss Bentley's book. In fact, you won't find any mention of Rosenberg.

By her own account Miss Bentley was a poor spy: contrary to all rules for couriers, she treated her Washington contacts as friends. When the time came to expose them she mused: "It was I who was responsible for the plight they were in . . . reliance on my sincerity had kept them believing in the Communist doctrine." This was certainly a dubious conclusion to reach about a toughie like Nathan Gregory Silvermaster, who had been doing NKVD chores for a quarter of a century!

Night after night, Miss Bentley writes, she kept having nightmares in which Silvermaster, or one of the others, stood against a brick wall, with eyes blindfolded, facing a firing squad. "As I stood there, rooted to the spot with horror, the victim would suddenly wheel around and point his finger at me. 'Traitor,' he would cry out. 'It is you who have killed me!' A volley of shots would ring out and it would seem as if all of them had entered my own body." Awake, Miss Bentley would try to force herself to accept the fact that she and her fellow-spies were now in opposite camps. "When the Revolution (and to the end she kept the capital R in revolution) comes, we shall have to shoot each other down."

—*From the book jacket.*

Elizabeth Bentley—"an emotional crisis."

Miss Bentley finally convinced herself that she was doing right by the not-particularly-realistic argument that exposure of her former friends would enable them to "resume a normal life," since they would then be useless to the Soviet machine.

Repudiation of her lost decade clearly created an emotional crisis for Miss Bentley. It must have been a tremendous ordeal for her to testify before Congressional committees—in the careful, almost prim, manner which amazed spectators—and listen to her former colleagues splattering her with epithets. Her revelations removed some extremely dangerous traitors from Government positions. These things are all underlined in "Out of Bondage," but her political biography does not establish Miss Bentley as an acute observer of persons or events.

Oliver Pilat is a member of the staff of the New York Post.

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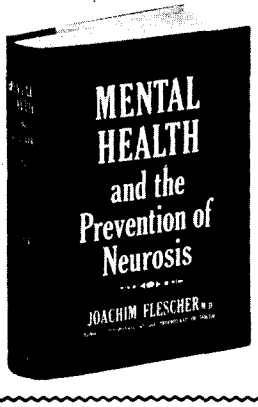

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Personal History Notes

MAN OF THE FAMILY. By Ralph Moody. Norton. $3. In August 1950, Ralph Moody's "Little Britches," a tender fragment of boyhood autobiography, won merited acclaim and proved that a first book is sometimes as well worth the risk as a first baby. (Publisher timidity toward first books may eventually lead to the complete suppression of all first books, which in a couple of generations would lead to the suppression of all new books, and our descendants would thereby be thrown back on reprints, and would probably get along very well, but publishers wouldn't.)

"Little Britches" was the story of a New Hampshire family transplanted to Colorado because of the father's illness. "Man of the Family" continues the narrative for a year after the father's death—from the early spring of 1910 to the late winter of 1911, when the author was in his eleventh and twelfth years. That is compact coverage, but it does not adumbrate a continuing sequence, because at the end of "Man of the Family" the Moodys all go back to New England, their Western phase presumably at an end.

This book is not so good as its predecessor, but for reasons beyond the author's control. The moving theme of a family about to be bereft of its breadwinner is necessarily lacking; here the family closes ranks to win its own bread. But if it is not so good a

—By Edward Shenton from "Man of the Family."

book, it it none the less a good book.

And it is a thoroughly honest one. It begins with uncompromising abruptness. A familiarity with "Little Britches" is not only helpful to the proper assimilation of "Man of the Family"—it is virtually essential. The narrative itself is not mucky with nostalgia or bubbly with that affectation of homespun humor that occasionally infects veracious family chronicles. "Man of the Family" has the ring of reality, the charm of distance, the grace of loving-kindness.

—JOHN T. WINTERICH.

A DOCTOR'S PILGRIMAGE. By Edmund A Brasset, M. D. Lippincott. $3.50. Dr. Brasset's memoir is pleasant and appealing. He received his training in the Dalhousie School of Medicine, Halifax, not far from his birthplace, Cape Breton Island. In 1934 he began his practice in the remote coastal town of Canso, Nova Scotia, from which place this book traces his progress to larger fields, as general practitioner and surgeon. The earlier portions of the book make interesting collateral reading with Hugh MacLennan's excellent novel about a Cape Breton doctor, "Each Man's Son."

Among its more interesting facets are the accounts of how a doctor goes about getting his name on the "lists" in a miner's town, which sounds like ward politics; some insights on narcotic addiction; and some assorted superstitions and related mental states. Dr. Brasset had a brief tour of duty in an insane asylum.

Good though they are, the events of this book have much in common with familiar doctor chronicles. Hence it may be that the most freshly interesting aspect of this "pilgrimage," apart from its Nova Scotia setting, is the graph of Dr. Brasset's medical aims. Obviously he is a surgeon of marked skill. To be a brain surgeon, and a great one, was his cherished dream for many years. Through his forthright narrative we seem him progress as assistant to the very brink of embarking upon major brain surgery in his own right. And it is at this point that he finds the long urge has been stilled. So, the richer for the training, he turns his eyes back toward the field of general practice. A warm, sincere book.

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BRAHMS: SYMPHONY #2. San Francisco Symphony, Monteux. RCA Victor LM 1173	Gallic and Teutonic, in California! Monteux, with the highest of French intelligence, gives Brahms a top-quality Gallic treatment; lyric portions are pure Ravel (*à l'antique*)—woodwinds stressed, colors glowing, impeccably neat; louder parts become Berlioz, the turgid contrapuntal passages are played with raised eyebrows (*ah, ces Allemands!*), no sense of proper Teutonic climax. This is not true Brahms, yet an engaging and fresh look at music often jaded. Excellent recording.	
FRANCK: "PSYCHE." Linz Bruckner Sym., L. G. Jochum. BERLIOZ: OVERTURE, "LES FRANCS-JUGES." Berlin Radio Sym., Celibidache. Urania URLP 7024	The tables turned here. A too powerfully Germanic treatment of this somewhat delicate Franckian evocation of romance, lovely when allowed its own modesty. Here it shrieks of "Tristan." The youthful Berlioz fares a lot better—an alert, lyric, if occasionally ragged playing; the thin, taut Berlioz string quality; the crack-of-doom trombone blasts excellently understood. Good, not top, recording, some fuzziness in louder parts, crackly surface.	
DEBUSSY: "IMAGES," SETS 1 & 2. Walter Gieseking, piano. Columbia ml 2188	Excellent piano recording, with proper smooth shimmer in the treble, quiet sustained bass. Some buzzing in louder parts.	The most celebrated German performer of French music — this playing instantly commands respect as that of a towering master in this difficult pianistic art.
CHABRIER: "ESPANA." Berlin Philharmonic, Schmidt-Isserstedt. SIBELIUS: "FINLANDIA." Göteberg Sym., Eckerberg. Capitol H-8138	One of Capitol's short-length lower-priced 10" LP's, now matched by Columbia's similar series. "España" is good, "Finlandia" better; neither is top.	No go. "España," carefully performed, dances elephantinely, quite missing the exhilarating frothiness. Something here the Germans can't penetrate. But "Finlandia," minus the usual tear-jerking histrionics, is nice.
INTERNATIONAL		
BRAHMS: "VARS. ON A THEME OF HAYDN." Württemburg State Orch., Leitner. FRANCK: "SYMPHONIC VARIATIONS." Geza Anda, pf.; Amsterdam Concertgebouw, Van Beinum. Decca DL 9542.	Sounds like recent disc recording, transferred to LP; good quality, with fine piano; decidedly too much surface noise.	A particularly nice, if Lisztian reading of the Franck, by a Dutch-Hungarian team. The Brahms is fresh, light-footed, the rapid variations especially good. Altogether a very desirable disc.
BRAHMS: "GESANG DER PARZEN," OP. 89. "NANIE," OP. 82. STRAUSS: "WANDERER'S STURMLIED," OP. 14. Vienna Sym., Vienna Kammerchor, Swoboda. Westminster WL 5081	The rather ponderous six-voiced "Gesang," not one of B.'s most effective works in practice though powerful in intention, is given a sincere, somewhat labored performance. (It always sounds that way, somehow.) The simpler, thinner, more lyric "Nanie" is quite lovely here; it should be done more often. The early Strauss (21), from his actively absorbing period, apes Brahms, yet has the tell-tale obstinate persistence of an ecstatic mood, the sugary harmonies of later Strauss. Brilliant, big-winded.	
BRAHMS: FANTASIAS, OP. 116; INTERMEZZI, OP. 117. Magda Rusa, piano. Mercury MG 10074	Basically an excellent, full-toned piano, but with a few minor flutters, annoying surface noise (my copy).	A strong but strangely staccato Brahms; the arpeggios, inner moving figures are overly stressed. A musical if unexpected concept.
BRAHMS: PIANO QUARTET #2 IN A, OP. 26. Albeneri Trio and R. Hillyer, viola. Mercury MG 10090	Top-quality chamber recording, strings close and sharp, the piano particularly clean and natural, unusually steady.	Early-middle Brahms of the vigorous, melodic type — a well proportioned, workmanlike performance, and an excellent all-around disc.

—EDWARD TATNALL CANBY.

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THE FINE ARTS

COURBET

"I DEFINE . . . art as an idealistic representation of nature and ourselves directed towards the physical and moral improvement of our species." Thus wrote Pierre-Joseph Proudhon, the French Socialist philosopher, in his *Du principe de l'art et de sa destination sociale*, published in 1865, shortly after Proudhon's death. The statement has a modern ring; it might have been written by Goebbels or by a commissar in today's Soviet Union, though in either case the phrase "our species" would have been narrowed to nationalist meaning. Proudhon's book, for all its confusions, is a key document in the evolution of social realism in art, and it seems astonishing that it is not more widely read by art historians. The reason, I imagine, is that the movement and the man—Realism and Gustave Courbet—of which its pages are in part a not always appropriate rationalization, tend to be swallowed up by the wider jaws of Romanticism and Impressionism. Not that Courbet has ever been lost sight of as a superb painter—instinctive, marvelously sensuous, at times altogether magnificent in his lyric response to landscape and the human figure. But there have been few revelatory books about him in recent years. For that reason two new monographs—Gerstle Mack's biography and a volume in the French series, *Les Demi-Dieux*—are all the more welcome.*

There could scarcely be two more different books on a given artist. The French volume, like the others in its valuable series, is almost entirely visual in conception; its enlargements of details from Courbet's masterpieces reveal virtues that only the most attentive observers can have suspected. Mr. Mack's book, on the contrary, is a straight biography. It is that to an extreme degree. How its author could have looked at his own illustrations and not felt impelled to say more about Courbet as a painter, is rather singular. But esthetic discussion was not his purpose. He set out to write a factual account of the artist's life for the English-reading public. Perhaps that is just as well. On the few occasions when he gives qualitative judgments on works by the master, his opinions seem either conventional or plodding, in either case blind to the aspects of Courbet's art which our own century's taste has found most exciting. For example, he describes the artist's portrait of Proudhon and his family as "one of Courbet's poorest paintings." He goes on to say: "The figures are detached from the background, the composition is awkward, and the work as a whole has an artificial appearance as if pieced together from photographs, as it was." But today in Paris, where many politically-minded artists are trying to find a road back to realism that will not dump them, rigid, in the morgue of academic verisimilitude, the awkwardness of this composition—as though it had been assembled by photomontage—is its greatest attraction.

I COULD cite other cases of Mr. Mack's esthetic insensibility. But esthetics, to repeat, were not his concern in writing this book. Even so, one wonders why some of Courbet's pictures did not stir him more deeply as evidence both of the painter's character and of shifting currents in the mainstream of society. Take, for instance, the case of one of Courbet's greatest works—the "Bonjour M. Courbet," originally known as "The Meeting" (see illustration), which depicts the artist being greeted outside Montpellier by his patron, M. Bruyas, and the latter's servant. The picture, a prime favorite of Bérard, Balthus, and other French painters whose careers hit full stride in the early 1930's, is so breathtakingly luminous that it is hard to keep in mind its iconographic meaning. But to discuss the latter, as Mr. Mack does, primarily in terms of Courbet's personal arrogance, is over-simplification. *Of course* Courbet was an exceptionally vain man. The "Bonjour M. Courbet" is, however, far more than a testimony to individual pride. It connotes a lasting change in artists' conception of their place in society, even if its point is exaggeratedly made. In this magnificent painting the painter stands on the road like a conquering dignitary. Before him the figure of Bruyas—himself a man of considerable attainments—is the personification of deference. As to Bruyas's servant, his eyes are closed to shut out the blinding splendor of the Great Artist who arrives in person. The painter, in other words, has become society's prince, replacing royalty of blood and church,

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GUSTAVE COURBET. By Gerstle Mack. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $6.
COURBET. By Pierre Mac Orlan. Paris: Editions du Dimanche. $8.75.

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ascendant over the moneyed bourgeoisie. One wonders how Courbet could have reconciled his picture's depiction of three distinct strata in society with his own Socialist views. At any rate, "Bonjour M. Courbet" symbolizes a final stage in the slow evolution of the artist from gifted artisan to superior being. It foretells the acceptance of Picasso as virtual god by art circles in our own time. Whether we do not now defer too wholeheartedly to artists is a different problem, not to be dealt with in passing.

As another indication of a profound change in esthetics when related to social order, we might consider for a moment the art school which Courbet conducted for students for a brief period, from December 1851 to April 1852. The model often was a tethered ox, symbol of the peasantry's endless burden. Thirty-odd years earlier Theodore Géricault had posed in his studio a fiery horse, an animal which typified for him raw romantic power and was an important adjunct of idiosyncratic, human recklessness. And in comparing Horace Vernet's painting of Géricault's studio with Courbet's picture of his own, one is at once aware of a substitution of the ugly and the commonplace for the spirited and the rare. The artist was now more self-reliant than ever, in his own mind better able to make masterpieces not only out of dramatic events and proud appearances, but out of humble incidents and objects, available to all. Perhaps here, too, Courbet's career and philosophy are especially relevant to the art of our own time. For despite the extraordinary liberties which modern art has taken with surface reality, it has preserved an intense respect for the humble. From Picasso's and Braque's *collages* of c. 1912 to Tchelitchew's use of old newspapers to decorate a sumptuous private ball (Wadsworth Atheneum, Hartford, 1936), there runs the same Rousseauvian cult of poverty toward the raw materials of art. Courbet's tethered ox, as contrasted with Géricault's nervous steed, is prophetic of a concept that flourishes among painters and sculptors today: the true artist can make art out of anything at

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Detail from "The Painter's Atelier"—"metaphorical statement of faith."

hand, the cheaper, the more usual, the better.

ONE FINAL point about Courbet's philosophic relationship to modern painters. He was torn between two opposing theories as to whether art should be autonomously valid or subservient to humanity's needs, between Proudhon's definition given at the beginning of this article and Zola's defiant cry: "His [Proudhon's] *rational* art, his realism, is in fact only a negation of art . . . My art, on the contrary, is a negation of society, an affirmation of the individual, free of all rules and of all social demands." Courbet himself, for all his blustering, was never able to decide completely which side of the controversy he was on. He was constantly tempted by, and several times succumbed to, allegory, which in terms of detachment from mid-nineteenth-century reality might be considered the rough counterpart of today's abstract art. As a man he was, of course, quite dedicated to political reform; his involvement in the destruction of the Imperial Vendôme Column in 1871 cost him exile and what remained of his once robust health. As a painter he was far less positive where and which truths should be ferreted out. If he painted "The Stone Breakers" and "The Return from the Conference," with their patent references to poverty and clerical abuse, he also painted "The Painter's Atelier, a True Allegory Summarizing a Period of Seven Years in my Life as an Artist" (see illustration)—a complex metaphorical statement of faith in himself and his profession. He began as a romantic painter in the Delacroix tradition. He ended a man of contradictions, all of them strong; a reformer, but also in some sense a poetic visionary; a peasant, but also a man of supreme sensual elegance, the rare gift of wonder in his massive hands.

—JAMES THRALL SOBY.

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The Film Forum

FILMS FROM BRITAIN

The Saturday Review's Guide to Selected 16mm. Sound Films

ALIEN ORDERS. *Produced by the Crown Film Unit for the British Colonial Office. Distributed by the British Information Services, 30 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, N. Y. (10 min.)*

This is a kind of popular-appeal white-paper on the present crisis in Malaya, indicating the work of the island home guard and 50,000 newly arrived British troops in their efforts to rid the land of militant Communist terrorists, "the men who follow the creed of despair." In a land rich in resources, where many languages are spoken and many ways of life are pursued, it is no easy job to sift the innocent from the guilty, the film explains, but somehow the police and fighters must find the men with "the alien guns and the alien orders." For additional background on postwar Malaya (i. e., since the end of the Japanese occupation) see the BIS film "Voices of Malaya" (32 min.).

AS OLD AS THE HILLS. *Produced by Halas & Batchelor. Distributed by the British Information Services, 30 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, N. Y. (10 min., color).*

The distinctive animated cartoons of Halas & Batchelor have played a major role in the recent trend toward original and fresh film animation. Counterparts in Canada and the U. S. can be found in the abstract works of Norman McLaren, and in the new and older cartoons of United Productions of America ("Gerald McBoing-Boing," "Brotherhood of Man," etc.) In recent years Halas & Batchelor have turned out, primarily for British consumption, such delightful items as "Your Very Good Health," "Charlie's March of Time," "Modern Guide to Health," as well as a number of other government and industry-sponsored films which we here seldom have the good fortune to see.

"As Old as the Hills" is a history of oil in Persia from dinosaur times to the sinking of a present-day oil well. It is a skilful and thoroughly enjoyable little film with a few unusual abstract sequences speeding up the geological changes which took place over the eons. The whole emphasis is on oil as a geological phenomenon, and the film ends with the idea that "all over the world men are striving to find fresh reserves to meet the needs of a better tomorrow." If anyone has more sinister motives than these, you'd never suspect it from this peaceful film. But that hardly lessens its value.

THE BEGINNING OF HISTORY. *Produced by Crown Film Unit. Distributed by the International Film Bureau, 6 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 2, Illinois. (42 min.).*

Before there was an England the first man-like creatures who lived on the land made history with their stone and bone implements. This film outlines the geologic development of the islands before, during, and after the glacial periods and shows relics of the successive cultural advances of the early inhabitants. Particularly interesting to American audiences are the sections about the famous stone temples of the druid priests and the reconstruction of a Celtic farm showing how the people lived before the Roman invasions two thousand years ago.

This film was intended for use in English schools, and presupposes some familiarity with early English history which some outsiders, I among them, simply are not up on. It is unfortunate that a popular American version was not prepared in releasing the film here, for much of the film is completely fascinating. In its present release it is overly long and at times confusing despite an ample supply of maps, graphs, and animated sequences. Basil Wright was the producer, and Graham Wallace the director.

TROOPING THE COLOUR. *Produced by Crown Film Unit, Central Office of Information. Distributed by the British Information Services, 30 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, N. Y. (10 min., color).*

A spectacular military ceremony takes place each year on the Horse Guards Parade to celebrate the King's birthday. This color filming of the pageant was made in 1949 when Princess Elizabeth substituted for her father in reviewing the mounted troops. All in all, an impressive demonstration expertly photographed and assembled. Produced by Donald Taylor.

WORLD GARDEN. *Produced by Spectator Films. Distributed by British Information Services, 30 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, N. Y. (11 min., color).*

World famous Kew Gardens whose collection of plants and trees from all over the globe offers pleasurable hours to millions of Londoners and visitors now can be enjoyed briefly by other millions who will never see it for themselves. The film has many simple delights—brilliant colors, the unfailingly joyous sight of nature unfolding its blossoms by means of stop-motion photography, and an instructive tour of Kew's laboratories and catalogue files. Once past the pedestrian opening shots of lovely girl amid the cherry blossoms, this is a most relaxing and rewarding little reel.

—CECILE STARR.

*For rentals consult the list of *SRL* Film Referral Libraries, available at 10c a copy from Film Department, Saturday Review of Literature, 25 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y.

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WHY THINGS HAPPEN. Troubled about personal misfortunes — unhappy world conditions? This inspiring book, THE DIVINE PROVIDENCE, by Emanuel Swedenborg, will help solve your problems. 640 pages, 25¢ postpaid. THE SWEDENBORG FOUNDATION, Section 9, 51 East 42 St., NYC 17.

THE SUNWISE PRESS, 899 Coast Highway, Santa Barbara, Calif., announces it will publish a limited number of manuscripts by new authors: 1951-52. Inquiries promptly answered.

WOULD sincere older man write professional woman interested literature, gracious living. Box 507-J.

Ph.D. COLLEGE TEACHER (German, Latin) for 20 years, seeks position in publishing field, etc. Box 487-J.

WRITER'S PARADISE. Restored Colonial, fireplaces, 50 acres, brook. Secluded. $15,000. Small house, 10 acres, panoramic views. $10,500. BOWERS REALTY, Litchfield Road, New Milford, Conn.

INTELLECTUAL, understanding and friendly, seeks correspondence amiable ladies. Box 512-J.

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SHORTHAND IN ONE WEEK. EZ longhand system. $1 returnable. ZINMAN, 215-S West 91 St., NYC 24.

COLLECTORS' ATTENTION: complete set Life Magazines. Excellent condition. For sale. Box 490-J.

TRAVEL RIGHT: Europe and America. Complete program of 1952 tours now ready. ARNOLD TOURS, 236A Clarendon St., Boston, Mass.

SOONER OR LATER everybody goes to the nation's capital, WASHINGTON, D.C. When you go, stop at one of the 3 fine, conveniently located Manger owned and operated hotels. The Annapolis, the Hay-Adams, the Hamilton offer special all-expense tour rates to Review readers, from $10.95 up, which includes air-conditioned rooms, breakfast, sightseeing tour, broadcast, etc. Write: Harry Weissinger, General Manager, at Hotel Annapolis, Washington, D.C. (Mention this ad for special Review booklets and detailed information).

CULTURED young lady desires correspondence with educated male, good sense of humor. Box 519-J.

AUTHOR seeks capable collaborator to novelize romantic biographical documentary book on participation basis. Box 497-J.

MAGAZINE SUBSCRIPTIONS make excellent Christmas gifts. Request free discount catalogue. TRACKENBURG BOOKS, 264 East 38 St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

WELL-INFORMED business gal wants interesting, numerous letters. Box 499-J.

PLEASANT, furnished, steam-heated apartment. $15 per week. Box 69, Dublin, N. H.

YOUNG SURGEON desires interesting letters from congenial gal. Box 502-J.

YOUNG WOMAN would correspond with mature, discriminating gentleman. Box 503-J.

REPAIR or bind your books—a fascinating hobby. Days, evenings. Phone, write, visit: UNIVERSAL SCHOOL OF HANDICRAFTS, 1014 Madison Ave. (78 St.). NYC, REgent 7-3860.

LIFE COULD BE WONDERFUL on this secluded 1½-acre domain on Rogues Ridge, artists'-writers' colony at Weston, Conn. Superlatively styled 7½-room California contemporary on two levels, completed 1951, ready to live in, overlooks placid half-acre pond. Top-flight construction. Living room has raised-brick fireplace, floor-to-ceiling picture window. Built-in bar. 4 bedrooms, 3 baths. 2-car garage. Realistically priced. Call or write for illustrated brochure C-43357. PREVIEWS, 49 East 53 St., NYC 22. PLaza 8-2630.

PERSONALS

ELAN CENTER NOW OPEN YEAR ROUND! Enjoy a vacation plus—any season. All sports, fireside discussions with companions from many nations. Language study, folk dancing, music. Special summer and winter study sessions. ELAN Center, Vancouver Island, British Columbia, Canada.

EDITOR-WRITER, now working top N. Y. paper, experienced all publication techniques, seeks worthwhile part-time project. Box 492-J.

50¢ DOLLAR can be stretched by getting top-value accommodations at the BEEKMAN TOWER HOTEL, NYC, where you can combine comfort, cleanliness and convenience with economy. Excellent popular-priced restaurant and coffee shop. NYC's only hotel overlooking United Nations and East River. Fine clientele; attentive staff. Singles from $3.50 to $7, doubles from $6.50 to $12; special weekly rates. Request booklet S. BEEKMAN TOWER HOTEL, 49 St. and First Ave., NYC 17; ELdorado 5-7300.

LIBERAL thinking guy will write gal interested music, art, literature. Box 505-J.

BACHELOR, 30, artistic, personable, M.A. Harvard, Ph.D. Columbia, published author, seeks responsible position as secretary-companion to busy Manhattan executive. Box 495-J.

MAN who likes broccoli hollandaise, Scott Fitzgerald, and the smell of bonfires invites correspondence from lady who abhors motorcycles, eggplant, and McCarthyism. Box 496-J.

CULTURED WOMAN interested in books and music would correspond with those having similar interests. Box 463-J.

YOUNG mature business executive, likes literature, fine arts and travel, would like to correspond with young mature woman having similar interests. Box 464-J.

CONGENIAL PROFESSIONAL WOMAN seeks interestina correspondence middle-aged, lonely male. Box 465-J.

MATURE MALE, interested in music, piano, showbusiness, arts, desires correspondence with cultured young lady. Box 466-J.

MATURE PROFESSIONAL WOMAN, varied interests, seeks congenial male correspondence. Box 471-J.

ABSTRACTS: watercolor, ink. November 19-December 31. LAYTON STUDIO-GALLERY, 28 East 9 St., NYC.

YOUNG WRITER, 25, B.A., M.A., seeks paying work with words. Newspaper and college editing experience. Box 485-J.

UNDERSTANDING young lady, sense of humor, interested simple things, dancing, travel stories, movies, seeks diversified correspondence. Box 493-J.

CROW'S NEST TRIPS TO EUROPE, June-Sept. 1952. FIFTH SUMMER. Language teacher and wife tour Europe own private auto. Will you be one of the lucky passengers? Donald R. Hart, Jr., 312 Hart St., New Britain, Conn. Also short winter trips.

RUSTIC WHITE BIRCH TABLE LAMP approximately 17 inches high, without shade, $2.98 postpaid. HOUSE OF CRAFT, 1 Hooper Ave., West Orange, N. J.

CITY HOME WITH COUNTRY VIEW, fireplace; cozy 1½ only $145; upper Fifth Avenue, Manhattan. Phone NYC, TEmpleton 8-1398, evenings.

VERY attractive young lady desires position as assistant social director. Box 272, 1474 Broadway, NYC.

LADY, older, enjoys life, happy disposition, would correspond. Box 489-J.

VACATIONS

MERRIBROOK. Poughquag, N. Y. Tempting meals. Quiet. Adults only. North Clove 2421.

MILL FARM INN, Tryon, North Carolina. Delightful fall and winter home on the southern slopes of the Blue Ridge Mountains.

SUDBURY INN at Lake Hortonia, Sudbury, Vt., provides best in country vacations.

GREEN SHADOWS, Old Lyme, Conn., quiet informal country life, good food, comfortable beds.

CHRISTMAS IS A TIME FOR MUSIC INN. Horsedrawn sleighing, skating, skiing, caroling waiters, music by the fire, Richard Dyer-Bennett. Write MUSIC INN, Lenox, Mass.

NAIDNI ON DUNMORE, Brandon, Vermont. Unusual simplicity, comfortable winterized house, good food, Fall fishing, beautiful walks. No planned entertainment.

CHRISTMAS AT BLUEBERRY HILL! Lucullan turkey. Crystal splendor. Roaring fires. Skiing. Brandon, Vt.

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DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 923

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

DEFINITIONS

A. The body or pad of a collar that rests on a horse's shoulders (saddlery).

B. Water course, esp. a dry one (Anglo-Ind.).

C. Colors or flavors slightly or superficially.

D. Stage name of American actor in classic roles (1879-).

E. Pertaining to the posterior and inferior of the bony elements of the capsule of the internal ear (zool.).

F. The strait connecting Upper and Lower New York Bay (with "The").

G. Laughing loudly and scornfully (comp.).

H. Small unsweetened cakes with a sweet, crisp coating from having been boiled in honey.

I. Quality of being buoyant; elasticity.

J. American paleontologist and writer, once of the Museum of Natural History, N. Y. (1857-1935).

K. Seat of Bucknell University.

L. Huge and formidable of its kind (Bib. source).

M. Writers of such poems as Keats's "To Autumn."

WORDS

5 171 65 51 43 109 150 22 40

4 145 69 137 126 2

147 31 169 58 7 122

124 115 17 68 25 33 39

81 105 157 72 1 66 119 54 168 144

120 140 9 15 85 130 108

176 89 41 167 73 156 162 185 76

91 3 63 160 146 67 186 29

172 103 139 152 10 18 23 62 45 187

92 155 118 55 52 64

151 30 50 59 90 56 77 182 19

159 44 86 132 184 26 112 71 164

181 32 106 153 48 128

DEFINITIONS

N. Hardened volcanic glass froth used, esp. in the form of powder, for smoothing or polishing.

O. Issuing in bubbles, as from *carbonated water.*

P. Disciples of a Welsh reformer (1771-1858) in Scotland and later this country.

Q. Lyric poems of French origin, commonly of 14 lines, etc. (prosody).

R. Horizontal members spanning an opening to carry superstructures (arch.).

S. Urban district in Surrey, Eng., near the field of Runnymede.

T. Shrieks.

U. A salt or ester of HCO_2H (chem.).

V. A famous mythical musician, husband of Niobe (Gr. myth.).

W. A sound of short, repeated knocking (comp.).

X. A large lake between northern Vermont and Canada.

WORDS

42 148 16 78 93 61

11 13 180 46 149 60 70 113 98 121

131 38

165 123 57 133 136 111 95 49

142 129 84 134 100 158 79

117 143 74 28 87 138 102

178 170 36 83 175

12 80 116 88 104

82 173 135 183 161 166 125

34 97 47 99 110 8 163

179 14 127 154 24 21 35 96 75

114 101 6 177 20 94 53 174 37 141

27 107

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in, you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).

■	■	■	■	■	■	■	1 E	2 B	3 H	■	4 B	5 A	6 X	7 C	■	8 V	9 F	10 I
11 O	12 T	■	13 O	14 W	15 F	16 N	■	17 D	18 I	19 K	20 X	21 W	■	22 A	23 I	24 W
25 D	■	26 L	27 X	■	28 R	29 H	30 K	■	31 C	32 M	33 D	34 V	■	35 W	36 S	37 X
38 O	■	39 D	40 A	41 G	■	42 N	43 A	44 L	45 I	46 O	47 V	48 M	49 P	■	50 K	51 A
52 J	53 X	■	54 E	55 J	■	56 K	57 P	■	58 C	59 K	60 O	61 N	62 I	■	63 H	64 J
■	65 A	66 E	67 H	■	68 D	69 B	70 O	71 L	72 E	73 G	74 R	75 W	■	76 G	77 K	78 N
79 Q	80 T	■	81 E	82 U	■	83 S	■	84 Q	85 F	86 L	87 R	88 T	■	89 G	90 K	■
91 H	92 J	■	93 N	94 X	95 P	96 W	97 V	■	98 O	99 V	100 Q	101 X	102 R	103 I	104 T	■
105 E	106 M	107 X	108 F	■	109 A	110 V	111 P	112 L	■	113 O	114 X	115 D	116 T	117 R	■	118 J
119 E	120 F	121 O	122 C	■	123 P	124 D	125 U	126 B	127 W	■	128 M	129 Q	130 F	131 O	■	132 L
133 P	■	134 Q	135 U	136 P	137 B	138 R	139 I	■	140 F	141 X	142 Q	143 R	144 E	145 B	146 H	147 C
148 N	149 O	150 A	151 K	152 I	153 M	154 W	155 J	■	156 G	157 E	158 Q	159 L	■	160 H	161 U	162 G
163 V	■	164 L	165 P	166 U	167 G	168 E	169 C	170 S	■	171 A	172 I	173 U	174 X	■	175 S	176 G
■	177 X	178 S	179 W	180 O	181 M	182 K	183 U	184 L	185 G	186 H	187 I	■	■	■	■	■

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 10 of this issue.

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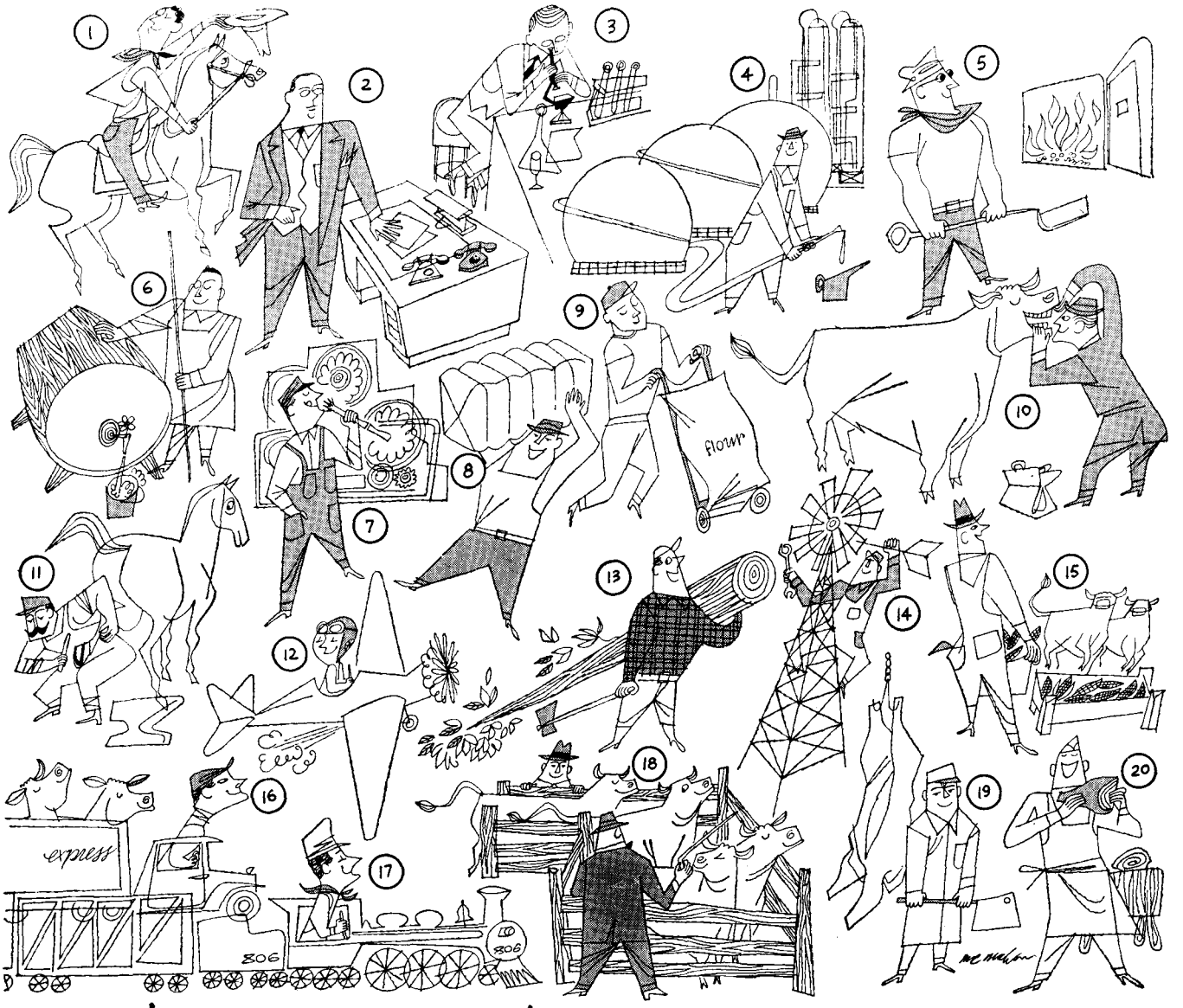

How many people does it take to produce a steak?

When you plank the cash on the counter for a slice of sirloin, some of it may represent *your own pay* for the part *you* played in getting that steak to your table.

We'll make ourselves clear.

It takes a lot of people to help produce that steak in this mid-20th-century economy of ours.

The people we've put in the picture above, for instance. And many, many others. Though you may not realize it, some product you, yourself, help make or sell or service may play a part in producing steaks.

1. **The cowboy** or range hand who looks after the cattle.
2. **The banker** who finances land, herd and equipment.
3. **The chemist** who makes insecticides, serums and fertilizers.
4. **The oil refiner** who provides the fuel for the power machinery so many ranchers use.
5. **The steelmaker** who provides a multitude of items, from fencing and branding irons to filing cabinets.

6. **The brewer**
7. **The sugar refiner**
8. **The cotton ginner**
9. **The flour miller**

who furnish some of the by-products used to make the livestock feeds with which ranchers and feeders supplement grass.

10. **The veterinary** who looks after the health of the cattle.
11. **The blacksmith** who shoes the horses and repairs ranch machinery.
12. **The airplane pilot** who sprays ranges and fields, destroying pests.
13. **The lumberman** who provides the wood for corrals and barns and pens.
14. **The windmiller** who makes the machinery that keeps man-made ranch water holes working.
15. **The feeder** who takes lean range cattle and puts about 25% more beef on them by intensive feeding.

16. **The truck driver**
17. **The railroader**

who haul cattle to market and meat to you.

18. **The stockyards man** who provides "room and board" for the livestock, and the **commission man** who is sales agent for the producer.
19. **The meat packer** who processes and distributes the beef.
20. **The retailer** who is the final link between all these people . . . and *you*.

American Meat Institute *Headquarters, Chicago • Members throughout the U. S.*

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A *self-check* on your recent reading habits

HOW OFTEN DO YOU HEAR YOURSELF SAYING:
"I'm sorry, I never got around to reading that"

CHECK THE BOOKS YOU HAVE FULLY INTENDED TO READ—*and have failed to read:*

- **THE CAINE MUTINY** *by Herman Wouk*.. ☐
- **KON-TIKI** *by Thor Heyerdahl*..... ☐
- **THE SEA AROUND US** *by Rachel L. Carson* ☐
- **FROM HERE TO ETERNITY** *by James Jones* ☐
- **THE CRUEL SEA** *by Nicholas Monsarrat* ☐
- **THE HOLY SINNER** *by Thomas Mann*..... ☐
- **RETURN TO PARADISE** *by James A. Michener* ☐
- **A SOLDIER'S STORY** *by Omar N. Bradley* ☐
- **A KING'S STORY** *by the Duke of Windsor* ☐
- **THE MAGNIFICENT CENTURY** *by Thomas B. Costain* ☐
- **THE BLESSING** *by Nancy Mitford*..... ☐
- **THE UTMOST ISLAND** *by Henry Myers*.... ☐
- **THE TROUBLED AIR** *by Irwin Shaw*..... ☐
- **MY SIX CONVICTS** *by Donald Powell Wilson* ☐
- **THE CATCHER IN THE RYE** *by J. D. Salinger* ☐
- **THIS IS THE HOUR** *by Lion Feuchtwanger* ☐
- **COLLECTED STORIES OF WILLIAM FAULKNER** ☐
- **HIS EYE IS ON THE SPARROW** *by Ethel Waters* ☐
- **BOSWELL'S LONDON JOURNAL** *Ed. by F. A. Pottle* ☐
- **THE MAUGHAM READER**..... ☐
- **THE MATURE MIND** *by H. A. Overstreet* ☐

The self-check you have made above may reveal a sobering fact: the *extreme degree* to which you have allowed the irritating busyness of your life to keep you from the books you promise yourself to read.

There is a simple way to break this bad habit, and many hundred thousand perspicacious readers over the country—like yourself—will vouch that it is effectual: membership in the Book-of-the-Month Club.

YOUR CHOICE IS WIDE: Your only obligation, as a member, *is to buy four books a year*—and it is inconceivable you won't find four you will be anxious not to miss. Every month the Club's distinguished Editorial Board chooses one outstanding work as the Book-of-the-Month. But in addition, the Club makes available Special Editions of widely discussed books. The list above is a good example of the wide range of books always available.

YOU BUY WHAT YOU PLEASE: As to the Book-of-the-Month, you buy it only when you want it. You receive a full and careful report about it *in advance of its publication*. If you judge it is a book you would enjoy, you let it come. If not, you send back a form (always provided) specifying some other book you may want. Or you may simply say: "Send me nothing."

YOU PAY MUCH LESS: When you do buy the Club selection, you usually pay less for it than you otherwise would. Last year the average was 20% less! But there is a still greater saving than this: *After your first purchase, for every two Club selections or Special Editions you buy, you receive, free, one of the Club's Book-Dividends.*

BOOK-DIVIDEND SYSTEM...WHAT IT IS: This unique system is member-profit-sharing, similar to what happens in any consumer co-operative. A fixed proportion of what you pay is set aside in a fund, which is used to manufacture enormous editions of other books; and these are the Book-Dividends you receive. The two books offered to you free, below, are good examples. Both of these were given to members as Book-Dividends.

GOOD SENSE: Frequently you intend to buy Club selections, not *knowing* they are such. *Why not buy them from the Club?* You will usually pay less for them. You will share in the Club's Book-Dividends. And, perhaps most important—in view of your self-check above — this whole system, once and for all, *will really keep you from missing the new books you want to read.*

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345 Hudson Street, New York 14, N. Y.

Please enroll me as a member of the Book-of-the-Month Club.* I am to receive, free, HAMMOND'S COMPLETE WORLD ATLAS and AN ENCYCLOPEDIA OF WORLD HISTORY with the purchase of my first book indicated below, and thereafter for every two monthly selections—or Special Members' Editions—I purchase from the Club, I am to receive, free, the current Book-Dividend then being distributed. I agree to purchase at least four monthly selections—or Special Members' Editions—from the Club during the first year I am a member, and I may cancel my membership any time after buying four such books from the Club. The price to be charged for each book will never be more than the publisher's price, and frequently less. (A small charge is added to cover postage and mailing expenses.)

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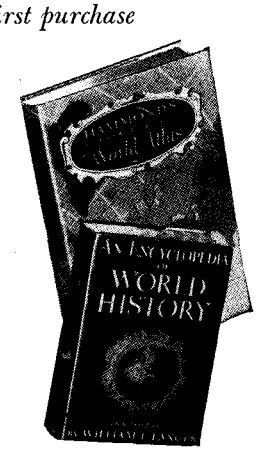

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